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ONLY A YEAR AGO.

BY LOUISE A. NORTON.

Only a single year ago
  Yet it seems so far away
When you told me how you loved me then,
  And would to your dying day.

Only a single year ago!
  How changed is this world to me,
My eyes were blind in those sweet days
  But now too plainly see.

Only a single year ago!
  Yet why do I feel no pain
At the thought of the vanished joys and dreams
  Gone, though I still remain?

Only a single year ago!
  And the light in my life has fled
And a sorrowful night dwells in my soul
  For the heart you won is dead.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER XI—(CONTINUED).

THE morning stole on and the distant sounds of the awakening household reached Lady Harrowdean's ears. For the first time she realized that night had come and gone and as yet her bed had been unslept in. Soon her maid would be coming with her tea and would notice it—would talk and gossip about it below—the one thing which it was most necessary to avoid. Wearily she stood up, disrobed herself, and crept within the sheets. She had no hope of sleep, nor did it come to her. How was it possible with so sore a heart and burning a brain as hers?

When Marie, her ladyship's French maid, softly entered the room about half an hour later and brought the dainty tea equipage to the side of the bed, she was shocked beyond measure to see the feverish light in her mistress' wide-open eyes and the terrible ravages which a single night had made in her face. With her little hands stretched out, and her shoulders almost on a level with her ears, she was not slow to express her consternation.

"Ah! but your ladyship is ill," she exclaimed, volubly. "Tres malade. Miladi has had no sleep! Ah! quel dommage, quel dommage!" she added, in a tone of deep commiseration.

Lady Harrowdean took her tea and made no reply.

"Not that any of us have had much sleep," Marie continued in a hushed whisper, with a half fearful, altogether mysterious glance around. "Moimeme—as for myself, my eyes have been not once closed. It was not possible. Did your ladyship hear anything—anything strange in the night?"

Lady Alceston set her cup down and shook her head. Her hand was trembling so much that she could hold it no longer.

"No, I heard—no sound. Nothing."

"There were some strange, oh, such strange noises," Marie continued in an awed tone, and with appropriate gestures. "Several of us heard them. Myself, I was so frightened that I did draw the bedclothes close around my ears and did very nearly shriek. Ah, but it was horrible!" and she wound up with an effective little shiver, as though the memory of her fright were still oppressing her. Her ladyship turned her face upon her pillow and closed her eyes.

"Draw the curtains around the bed, Marie," she directed. "I shall try to sleep for an hour or two."

"It would be well for miladi," Marie murmured, as she obeyed. The bed was a French one, and Lady Alceston was now invisible—out of sight of the tell-tale rays of sunlight and the black, questioning eyes of her maid.

"One moment, Marie," she said, as her maid was gliding softly from the room. "What sort of noises were those that you heard, and in what part of the house? I hope that no thieves have been about."

Marie paused and advanced again toward the bedside, glad to have an opportunity of resuming the subject.

"Footsteps and muffled voices, your ladyship," she said impressively, "and in the long corridor too, near—near—the room where his lordship is. Thomas has searched in every place, ce matin, but there are no signs of any one having entered the house, and nothing is missing. We all thought that your ladyship must have heard them too, and we dreaded every moment that we should hear your ladyship's bell."

There was no sound from the bed for a few moments. Then her ladyship answered in a slow, deliberate tone:

"Foolish girls! you imagined it all. I was awake all night, and I heard no noises of any sort. There could have been nothing to cause them."

Marie was perfectly unconvinced, but dared express her dissent in no other way than by a shrug of her shapely shoulders and a most suggestive silence. Her ladyship, who was watching her through a chink in the curtains, frowned.

"If I hear anything more of this, Marie," she said quietly, "you or any one else who mentions it will leave my service at once. Do you understand?"

Marie arched her eyebrows. She was surprised, but she was too well trained a servant to show it. Miladi's wishes should be obeyed, she murmured. The subject should not be mentioned again by her, or by any one else if she could help it. At what hour would miladi please to rise?

Miladi made no reply. Her thoughts were otherwise engaged. A certain act of imprudence had just occurred to her.

"Marie," she said abruptly, "there is a newspaper in my rocking-chair. I want it."

Marie searched and shook her head. There was no newspaper there.

"Well, then, in the pocket of my dressing-gown," the mistress ordered sharply.

Marie took up the garment, shook out the folds, and felt in the pockets. They were empty.

"Then it must be on the floor by the side of the chair," her ladyship said anxiously.

Marie went down on her hands and knees, and looked about in all directions. Again her search was unsuccessful. There was no paper anywhere about. She rose with flushed face, and with her coquettish little white apron all crumpled, and made her report.

"Bring me my dressing-gown at once," ordered her mistress, in a strange, sharp tone.

Marie obeyed, wondering, but in silence. She saw with surprise that her mistress' hands were trembling, and that she seemed deeply agitated. They searched about together for a few minutes, but in vain. The paper was gone.

Lady Harrowdean was the first to abandon the search. Marie followed her example at once with a little sigh of relief. She stood before the glass for a moment to straighten her cap and hair. Behind her own face there she saw that of her mistress, and its ghastly expression frightened her.

"Miladi is ill," she exclaimed, turning quickly round.

"I am a little faint, Marie," was the answer. "Help me into bed."

Marie did so, keeping up at the same time a running fire of half-admonitory, half-consolatory chatter. Miladi had overtaxed her strength. She must have quiet and rest or she would not be able to attend the funeral. It was foolish to have got out of bed and upset herself about a newspaper. Thomas should go out and get another one. Would miladi say what newspaper it was and what date she required?

Lady Alceston made no reply. She seemed not to have heard—certainly she did not heed her maid's sympathizing remarks. When she had finished she said simply:

"Tell Thomas to go to Lord Bernard's room, and ask him to come to my dressing-room for a minute. I wish to speak to him."

Marie withdrew with her head in the air, a little offended. Miladi was making a great fuss about a paltry newspaper; and fancy sending for Lord Bernard at this hour in the morning! It was too ridiculous.

She descended into the servants' hall, and delivered her message to Thomas. Instead of obeying her orders he shook his head.

"'Tain't no use, my dear," he said patronisingly. "Lord Bernard is hout."

Marie stamped her little foot impetuously.

"Nonsense! Gone out, at this time of the morning! You are too lazy to go and see, you—you—gros bete!"

Thomas grinned and sat down to his breakfast.

"Go it, mademoiselle," he said. "Call me all the names in your heathen calendar, if you like. It don't hurt me. I rather like it."

Marie tossed her head, and looked at him with flashing eyes.

"Are you going to obey miladi, and deliver her message to Lord Bernard?" she asked threateningly.

"No, my dear, I am not," Thomas answered, crossing his legs and sipping his coffee slowly.

"And why not?"

"Because I don't know where to find him."

"He is in his room. He never rises before nine."

"Well, he has done so this morning, at any rate," Thomas remarked. "As I said before, he has gone out. I ought to know, for I let him out myself."

"Out at this time in the morning! Why didn't you tell me so before, stupid?"

She stamped her foot at him and whisked out of the room. Thomas leaned back in his chair and looked after her admiringly.

"What a little spitfire she is," he soliloquized. "Wonder what her ladyship wants Lord Bernard for so early. Seems queer! And his going out, too, and them noises in the night. Dashed if it don't seem very queer!"

And he would have thought it queerer still if he could have heard the low, muffled cry which broke from Lady Alceston's white lips, after Marie had delivered her message and departed.

"He has seen it!" she moaned. "He has gone there. Oh! if he should—if he should——"

CHAPTER XII.

AN EAST-END FUNERAL.

TWO men, both young, but very dissimilar in appearance, were making their way through the purlieus of one of London's worst slums. It was a fine, bright morning, and away westward toward Piccadilly and in Hyde Park the cheerful influence of the warm, glowing sunlight was very apparent in the smiling faces and light dresses of the gay throngs who passed up and down the broad streets. But here things were very different; here the dancing sunlight could do little toward chasing away the gloom and squalor of the narrow streets and filthy courts. Nay, into some of them it could scarcely penetrate at all, and where it did it shone with a ghastly light on things that were better left in darkness—on the vice-stained, brutal faces of degraded, lounging men; on women from whose hard, brazen faces all the grace and charm of womanhood seemed stamped out; on children with the pinched, withered countenances of old men. Yet something of its influence had penetrated even here. The men dragged themself to the doors of their miserable houses, and smoked their pipes in stolid silence on the threshold; the children strayed from the fetid courts into the open streets to play, and the toilers in the attics opened wide their windows, and looking up to the blue sky forgot for a moment their weary struggle for existence, and dreamed of other days

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To one of the two young men his surroundings were strange; to the other they were very familiar. The one, therefore, walked steadily on with a shocked expression in his handsome face, and with the evident air of trying not to look about him. The other, on the contrary, appeared perfectly at his ease, and looked about him, frequently throwing keen, observant glances out of his bright eyes into the faces of the little knots of men who lounged about outside the public houses and at the street corners.

The former, Lord Bernard Alceston, in his deep mourning, a noticeable figure anywhere, looked as completely out of his element, and as incongruous with his surroundings, as a man well could; the latter, Stephen Thornton, journalist, Bohemian, and, as he was fond of styling himself, adventurer, might have passed through the whole of Whitechapel without attracting a single glance.

"Is the place we are going to in a part as bad as this?" Lord Alceston asked, with a little shudder.

"No, I don't think it is quite," his companion answered. "Brown Street is quite on the outskirts of this region. But there are parts of London worse than this, you know—much worse."

"I shouldn't have believed it possible."

Thornton smiled a little bitterly.

"No, I dare say not," he answered. "You are born and bred in selfishness, you aristocrats. You never take the trouble to look outside the little world in which you live. Why should you? Jove! if there's a hell, how it will be peopled with those of your class!"

Lord Alceston shrugged his shoulders. He had known Thornton for many years, and was used to such talk from him.

"Radical as ever, Steve," he remarked.

"Ay, my lord, as Radical as ever. Radical, Communist, Socialist, Nihilist—what you will."

"Not so bad as that, Steve, I think," Lord Alceston answered, letting his arm rest for a moment on the other's shoulder. "You would make yourself out an ogre, whereas I know you to be one of the tenderest-hearted men alive."

"Not so bad! Alceston, I tell you this," Thornton answered almost roughly. "I'd rather, a thousand times rather, be known and branded as the very worst of these than be what you are."

"We'll change the subject, I think," Lord Alceston suggested.

"Agreed. You think this bad, do you?" Thornton continued, glancing around. "I

don't know what you would say if you came here at night, then. The place is asleep now. Toward midnight it will wake up, and then, if you like, it's a sight to make a man feel sick. But, I forgot. What do you care about such things?—and here we are in Brown Street. The Rising Sun is about a couple of hundred yards up on the other side of the road."

They paused at the corner, and Lord Alceston looked around him. The street into which they had turned was much wider and the houses less squalid than in the neighborhood which they had just quitted. But it was still a miserable locality. The long rows of small, semi detached houses were smoke-begrimed and blackened with dirt, and their dreary appearance was heightened by the wretchedly-bare handful of earth or gravel in front of each—courtesy could not call it a garden—and the broken railings. The street itself was strewn with the refuse from the green-grocers' shops, which seemed to be at every corner not occupied by a public-house. There was a dreary, poverty-stricken appearance about the whole place—the very quintessence of suburban nastiness. To Lord Alceston, who was no dweller in cities, and who had spent most of his time either in the country or in the most picturesque of continental towns, its ugliness was a painful revelation. He always looked back upon that walk with feelings almost of horror.

A little way down the street, as though to put the finishing touch to the dreariness of the scene, a humble funeral cortege stood waiting. Thornton saw it, and stopped suddenly.

"We're too late," he said quietly, knitting his brows. "That is the Rising Sun where the hearse is standing. Evidently they are burying her to-day."

Lord Alceston looked across the road with a heavy frown. He was young and unused to failure, and he had made up his mind that he would look into that dead woman's face. His companion, whose private opinion was that they were on a wild-goose chase, shrugged his shoulders.

"We must bear it philosophically," he said. "By the by, how comes it, I wonder, that the parish is not burying her? She left neither friends nor money, it was said, yet some one has evidently undertaken the funeral."

"Suppose we go and inquire?" Lord Alceston suggested, moving forward.

Thornton laid his hand on his arm and checked him.

"No, stay here a minute. They must pass this way, and we can see who is inside. We can make inquiries afterward."

They stood on the edge of the pavement for nearly five minutes. Then the coffin was carried out, and the modest little cavalcade started.

"Go down that street a little way," Thornton said quickly. "You mustn't be seen here at all. It doesn't matter about me, and I shall be able to see who's inside."

Lord Alceston, too, was curious, and he hesitated. But, after all, doubtless it was sound advice. He had better go.

He had scarcely gone a dozen yards down the by-street into which he had turned when he heard the little procession passing along the top. He had not meant to turn round—in fact, he had made up his mind that he would not—it was a case of impulse triumphing over reason. He turned suddenly back and looked.

He had chosen exactly the right moment. Thornton was standing a little way in the road, as though he had been in the act of crossing and was waiting for the carriages to go by. But it was not on him that Lord Alceston's eyes rested. Something else there was that had changed his half-curious, half-careless glance into a rapt, breathless gaze, and which had set his heart beating fast and his pulses throbbing. From where he stood he could just distinguish the faces of the two people seated side by side in the solitary mourning coach. One—the one nearest to him—was the dark, handsome face of the girl whom he had found in the room with him in Craven Street after his swoon; the other was her father, the man with whom he had travelled up from Dover on the same day.

CHAPTER XIII.

HER LAST VISITOR.

FOR several moments after the carriage had passed out of sight Lord Alceston stood still on the pavement lost in astonishment. Then he slowly retraced his steps and met Thornton coming toward him.

"There's something I don't quite understand about this," said the latter, mucusingly. "The woman is unidentified, friendless, penniless, and without relations. Yet she's being buried at some one's expense, and some one who has a bit of money, too, for although there was only one mourning carriage everything was turned out in uncommonly nice style—not at all like an East-End funeral—and that some one, with a very well-dressed young lady, goes to the funeral too. That seems queer."

"We had better go the place where they brought her from—the public-house—and make inquiries." Lord Alceston suggested. He had recovered from his surprise by this time, and had not yet made up his mind whether he should tell Thornton that he had recognized the occupants of the mourning coach.

"That's exactly what I propose to do," Thornton remarked. "But you mustn't think of coming," he added, as Lord Alceston turned round as though to accompany him.

"And why not?"

"Why not, indeed! Can't you see? Supposing you were recognized, which is not at all unlikely, what would people think about the Earl of Harrowdean being down in these parts making left-handed inquiries about this unknown murdered woman? And, besides, you are not fit for this sort of work, Alceston, if you will excuse my saying so. I should never get any information out of any one with you at my side listening."

Lord Alceston was a young man who was fond of action, and he by no means liked abandoning the enterprise in this way.

"I'd much rather go with you, Thornton," he protested. "I don't see that I should make much difference."

"I do, and I know more about such matters than you. If I'm to do any good in this matter, Alceston, I must have my own way in this. The best thing you can do is to go home, and I'll come round and see you to-night, and tell you all about it—if there's anything to tell."

Lord Alceston shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"Very well; I suppose I must give in," he said. "It's ridiculous to suppose that any one down here would know me; but——"

"Oh, no, it isn't anything of the sort," Thornton interrupted quickly. "You forget that Scotland Yard has some little interest in this matter. I'm not much of a sporting man, but I wouldn't mind betting you long odds that there will be a least one detective hanging round the Rising Sun. Any one who goes there making even the most casual inquiries about the murdered woman will be a marked man at once. That doesn't matter as far as I'm concerned, because I happen to be a reporter; but if you were there——"

"All right, Thornton. I'm afraid you're right. I'll go. But don't forget to look me up to-night!"

Thornton nodded, and watched him until he was out of sight; then he crossed the road and entered the Rising Sun. As he had expected, it was nearly full of curious gossippers standing around the bare marble counter and seated on the benches which lined the walls. It was a motley scene, and difficult for an outsider to look upon without a shudder. But Thornton, though his quiet glance round had taken in at once the whole character of the place, sat slowly sipping his brandy-and-water with all the careless stolidness of a habitue of the place. No one there could have guessed that that quiet, insignificant-looking man who sat there with half-closed eyes was listening with sharpened senses and never-ceasing vilgance to every question and answer, to every chance remark that was bandied about him. He had not asked a single question or betrayed in any way the least curiosity about the subject which was being so fiercely discussed. He had come to the conclusion that he would in all probability learn more by sitting quite still and listening than by asking questions. And he was right.

What he heard soon stimulated an interest which had not previously been very keen. He had read of this murder, and had dismissed it from his mind as one of a certain type with no special features about it. Probably he would have forgotten all about it had it not been for Lord Alceston, an old schoolfellow and fellow-member of a certain Bohemian club, one of whose unwritten rules it was that among the members there should be a certain mutual aid society, a give-and-take of such services as one had it in his power to render the other. Stephen Thornton had a certain notoriety of his own as a powerful writer of extreme Radical views, and as a man who, rara avis, etc., was very much in earnest about his politics. But apart from this, he was noted as a lover of strange adventures of the genuine Bohemian type and as a wonderful amateur detective. So, after much trouble, thought and deliberation, Lord Alceston, remembering certain services which he had once been able to render this man, went to him at his rooms late on the day of his funeral and asked for his aid.

This was the case, he said, briefly put. On the same night, and within a few hours of the time of his father's murder, a nameless woman had been murdered in an obscure part of London. Something there was—he could not say what—which seemed to faintly suggest the idea of some connection between the two murders. He could not take his information to Scotland Yard. Scotland Yard would want to know more than he was willing to tell. This circumstance, slight though it was, was one which he would not on any account risk letting the newspapers get hold of. He would not tell it to Scotland Yard; he would not even tell it to the man whose aid he was asking. That was the case. Would Thornton help him? All he wanted was if possible to see the face of the murdered woman and learn something of her antecedents. Alone he knew not how best to set about doing this. Would Thornton help him, by his advice or in any other way?

Thornton had promised to help readily enough. In his own mind he had at once set the idea down as preposterous. But he had asked no questions, and he had given no opinion. Simply, on starting out he had put down their errand as a wild-goose chase, and had felt no interest in it beyond the desire to render a service to his friend.

As he sat in the sanded drinking-bar of the Rising Sun, however, his ideas began to change. He began to get interested. This affair had features in it of which he had been ignorant. Most of his previous conclusions were evidently erroneous. He cleared his mind of them and began to consider the matter from an altogether different point of view.

In the first place the woman, notwithstanding her surroundings, notwithstanding her evident poverty, had in one particular always maintained her self-respect. No one had ever seen her speak to a man, no one had ever heard her speak of them, save with contempt. Yet on the night of her tragical death three men had visited her one after another—the first time that such a thing had ever happened; and one of these must have been her murderer. Of no one of them had any accurate description been given. All three were strangers to the neighborhood, and at least two were, at any rate from the landlady's point of view, gentlemen.

The conversation veered round to her appearance and probable antecedents. Concerning the former there were different opinions, the men mostly taking one side and the women the other. But apart from the actual question of good looks, all were agreed upon one point—she was not of their class. Her hands and feet, the poise of her head, and her manner of speech, were all commented upon. The latter was almost foreign to them, but they knew the ring of it. She had been a lady, and while she had lived they had hated her for it. Even now some of the women uttered brutal sneers when they spoke of it. She had been no better than she should have been, or how had she drifted there among them? Curse her and the likes of her.

There were endless repetitions, maunderings and quarrels. Now and then there was a blow struck, and the combatants, screaming and cursing with horrible oaths, were ejected to "have it out" outside. The main subject was sometimes quitted for the retailing of some filthy yarn, greeted with shrieks of hideous laughter from the women, but in the end some new arrival always brought it back again into the old channel. And Stephen Thornton sat there still, slowly sipping brandy-and-water, and with half-closed eyes and hands stuck deep in his pockets affecting the maudlin state of a half-drunken man.

A new-comer started a point which Thornton had already labelled in his mind as important. Who was the man who had had her buried? Why hadn't the parish buried her? She had died without money. Who had found the "brass" for the funeral?

There were plenty ready to answer. It was a man who had come to try and identify her, and had recognized her face as that of a lady whom he had once seen abroad. He did not even know her name. He knew nothing about her, in fact. He had been struck with her appearance and had offered to have her buried decently. That was all.

Thornton weighed it over in his mind. Had it been a man of whom he had known nothing he might after inquiry have believed it. But it so happened that although he had not mentioned the fact to Lord Alceston, the man in the mourning coach was no stranger to him. He thought it over deliberately, and came to this conclusion—that Monsieur de Feurget knew more, much more, about this woman than he chose to tell the world. Perhaps he was one of those three visitors; perhaps even he himself was concerned in the murder. At any rate he was a person to be watched, to be suspected, through whom a clew might eventually be obtained.

The conversation surged on, and every now and then Thornton heard things which interested him. There was not one there who could say that she or he had ever even exchanged a word beyond the most casual remark with the murdered woman; but there was some one, it seemed, who had been almost friendly with her, who, more than one hinted, knew something of her past and of her real position. At last the name was mentioned—Sall Greenwood—and Thornton betrayed the fact of his being a listener by a slight start, which, fortunately for him, no one noticed. Sall Greenwood and Monsieur de Feurget! Here was something to work upon. Thornton's interest was growing rapidly.

The man with the yellow beard and the long coat was brought up and eagerly discussed. Every one had something to say about him, but there was only one woman who could declare definitely that she had seen him. She had been in the Crown and Thistle when he had entered, and she had seen him talking to Betsy Urane, and she had seen him, she declared with a whole string of vehement oaths designed to crush incredulity, about twenty minutes before his arrival at the Crown and Thistle, coming out of a ready-made clothes shop, at the corner of the street. Her description of him was very much the same as Betsy Urane's. He was short, roughly dressed, with a light, flowing beard, and most of his face smothered up with a blue handkerchief. He had spoken like a gentleman, and had seemed free with his money.

Presently a woman, seeing that Thornton's eyes were wide open, came and seated herself beside him. With an effort he overcame his instinctive repulsion, and did not discourage her presence. There was something which he wished to find out, and she might be useful. He even answered her coarse greeting in kind, and made room for her on the bench.

"Any objections to a drink wi' yer, guvnor?" she inquired engagingly.

"No, I'll stand you one," he answered roughly. "I'll have another myself, too. It's dry work listening to all this gabble."

The drinks were ordered and brought. While his companion sipped hers approvingly Thornton looked her over. She was only an ordinary woman of her class, with a stupid, sensual face, without a single gleam of intelligence. There was no risk in questioning her, he decided.

"Did you know this woman they're making such a fuss about?" he commenced.

"No, nor didn't want to. A stuck-up wench she was."

"Seems a rum 'un, that she shouldn't have had a single pal," he remarked.

"She 'ad. She used to go and see Sall Greenwood. I've seen 'em together."

"Who's she? Is she here?"

"Here! not she! She's too fine to come to such like place. She's a cute little French tailoress, that's what she is, in Crane's Court."

He had got what he wanted now, and his only anxiety was to get rid of the woman beside him. He feigned to return again to his semi somnolent state, and half closed his eyes. But she did not go. Presently he felt her hot, foul breath close upon his cheek, and immediately afterward a tug at his pocket-handkerchief. He let it go, hoping to get rid of her, but he was disappointed. Instead she commenced softly feeling for his watch. He shook her off and sat up.

The dull red angry color flushed into her cheeks. She had had too much to drink, and was inclined to be quarrelsome.

"It's my belief as you was only a-shamming!" she cried angrily. "You ain't been to sleep at all. You're a —— spy, that's what you are. I've been a-watching o' yer. I say, you chaps," she called out at the top of her voice, "here's a nobbler 'ere. Look at 'im. He's been a-sham-

ming sleep, that's what he's been a-doing. He's a spy, a nobbler."

There was a low howl of drunken rage from a dozen throats, and shrill shrieks from the women. They made at him like wild beasts. The tables were overthrown, the woman who had pointed him out missed her footing and was trampled under foot. But when they looked for Stephen Thornton he had vanished.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOTHER AND SON.

THE funeral of the Earl of Harrowdean had been a great function. Statesmen of the highest rank and reputation had followed the deceased peer to the grave. Deputations from all classes of society had begged for leave to attend, and the most exalted personage in the state had herself been represented by a near kinsman.

England's most eloquent and learned prelate had pronounced a eulogy over his grave which had left scarcely a dry eye among the whole of that vast assemblage, and which had made the hearts even of strangers burn and throb with indignation against the cold-blooded assassin whose midnight crime had taken such a life. As a statesman, a philanthropist, a nobleman, and a Christian, the Earl of Harrowdean was held up as an example to his order and to all men. The names of those who pressed upon the bereaved widow and her only son their respectful, heartfelt sympathy included the names of all the noblest in the land, and the wreaths which poured in from Covent Garden, from the country, and even from foreign royalty, made the air of the great cathedral heavy with the perfume, and formed such a collection of floral offerings as had rarely before been seen.

When all was over, and the mortal remains of the Earl of Harrowdean had been placed under the earth, the public mind began to turn from sympathetic grief to strong resentment. The murderer must be discovered, must be hunted down, or the prestige of the English police was gone forever. All speculations as to his personal identity were put a stop to by Neilison's flight and continued absence. It could bear out but one construction—guilt. Neilison was the name in every one's mouth who talked about the murder at all. Neilison was clearly and undoubtedly the murderer. Neilison must be discovered.

At first Scotland Yard had been very confident about the matter. His apprehension, it gave out, was only the matter of a few hours. He had had too brief a start to make his escape. Every railway-station in London and every port in Great Britain was watched by tried detectives, and to have shown himself at any of them must have been instantly fatal, however good his disguise. A cordon of police was drawn around the little house in Holloway where a married sister of his was known to live. His description hung in every police-station and had been flashed all over England along the telegraph wires. A photograph was discovered among his effects, and in an incredibly short space of time a thousand were issued and distributed. The numbers of the missing notes drawn by the Earl of Harrowdean from his bank on the morning of his murder were in every bank manager's hands, and were on the bills which announced him as "wanting." Scotland Yard laughed at the idea of failure. Its plans were perfect.

But a day passed, two days, three days, and as yet nothing had been done. The day of the funeral had come and gone; and on the day after—the day of Lord Alceston's visit to his friend Thornton—a fresh placard was circulated throughout the country and hung upon every wall and hoarding in London. Lord Alceston had taken his friend's advice and followed his own inclination. He had offered one thousand pounds reward for the apprehension of Philip Neilison.

This had been done on the morning of his visit to the Bethnal Green Road; in the afternoon, after his return home, he was told that his mother wished to speak to him. He went straight to her room.

She rose to greet him, a tall, stately figure in her deep crape dress and widow's garb. Even her son, who was preparing for the battle which he knew was coming, could not restrain a thrill of admiration as he looked at her. She was still a beautiful woman. At forty-five—she could scarcely be less—she could still hold her own against women many years her junior.

Lord Alceston admired his mother, admired her very much indeed. With what other feelings he regarded her, however, he scarcely himself knew. Their relations had always been the relations of a society mother to a society son. They had been on friendly terms always, but then there had never been either occasion or opportunity for difference. At that moment, as she rose to meet him they stood face to face in the dusky twilight of the darkened room, he had almost forgotten that she was his mother. The one thought in his mind was that this woman had some dim, secret knowledge—perhaps not knowledge, but at any rate suspicion—which she was refusing to share with him. It never occurred to him to suspect her of the least complicity in his father's murder, of any actual knowledge of the guilty persons; but still she knew something which might, if properly used, afford him a clew. What her reasons for withholding it might be he could not imagine—he did not try to. Simply he felt that if she did not meet him frankly and tell him all she knew she was no mother of his.

There was no attempt at any ordinary greeting between them. He stood on one end of the hearth-rug, upright and frowning, with his eyes bent searchingly upon her white face, as though striving to penetrate the mask which he felt convinced was the result of her unnatural calm. She stood facing him for a moment, her dark eyes meeting his without a quiver and her thin lips pressed tightly together. Then, drawing her skirts around her with a slow, graceful movement, she sank backward into the easy chair from which she had risen at his entrance.

"You sent for me, mother," he said, shortly.

"I did. Thank you for coming so quickly."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You need not; I was as anxious to come as you could have been to see me. You have made up your mind to tell me."

"I have nothing to tell you. I sent for you for another reason."

"I am sorry to hear it. As to your having nothing to tell I don't agree with you. You could tell me a great deal. You could, if you chose, help me to clear up the mystery of my father's death, of your husband's murder."

"You are mistaken," she answered; "I know nothing."

"And if you did you would not tell me?"

"And if I should not tell you," she answered. "I am not revengeful. I am sorry to see that you are.

He had determined that he would keep his temper, and he kept it; but it was no easy matter.

"Revengeful is scarcely the word," he answered quietly; "I want justice. But you did not send for me to discuss this. I suppose there was something else?"

"Yes, there was. They tell me that a reward has been offered for—for——"

"For Neilison's arrest," he interrupted quietly. "Yes, I have offered a thousand pounds reward."

She took up a fan and half hid her face as though to screen it from the fire.

"You are doing a foolish thing," she said. "You know that Neilison could not have had anything to do with it."

"On the contrary," he answered, "it is very clear that he had something to do with it. I will not say he was the actual murderer; perhaps not. But one thing is very certain—he knows all about it."

"If you find him he will not tell you."

He smiled incredulously.

"We shall see about that. The law will have a hold upon him."

There was a brief silence. Then, with a sudden, swift movement she rose from her chair, and before he had time to make up his mind what she was about to do she was on her knees before him, her dark eyes gleaming with tears and her features convulsed with a sudden storm of passion. Her hands clasped his knees—her whole attitude was one of wild abandonment. The change amazed him. He would have started backward but she would not let him go. He stood looking down at her dishevelled face, and listening to her passionate words, with a strange sense of unreality creeping over him. Surely this could not be his mother, this weeping, suppliant woman.

"Bernard," she cried, "for God's sake listen to me! I beseech you, I warn you for your own sake, as well as mine, let it all rest. Leave it to the detectives. Don't let them find out anything if you can help it. Don't help them. Withdraw that reward. Oh, you don't know what you're doing! You can't know! Have you thought anything about it at all? You cannot think that he was murdered for that miserable money! Oh, this will kill me, will kill me!" she cried, wringing her hands.

He tried to raise her, but she would not move. She grovelled at his feet, and her agony brought the tears into his eyes. Strong in his purpose though he was, he could not help being moved.

"Mother," he cried, trying in vain to lift her, "if he was not murdered for that money what was he murdered for? Can you tell me that?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "I could tell you, but God knows that I would sooner die at this moment, here at your feet, than that you should know."

"There is a history, then—a secret—and you know it?"

"I know nothing; but I can guess. Bernard, listen to me. Think of your father as the whole world thinks of him; think how every paper is full of his praises; remember that sermon yesterday. They hold him up as an example to his order and to all men—honest, virtuous, loyal, a Christian, all that a man should be, almost without a fault. What should you think of the man who taught them to think otherwise, who pointed to some dark spot in his life which none had known of and which made men retract all the good which they had spoken of him, and shake their heads at the very mention of his name? What should you think of such a one?"

"Think of him! I should curse him from the bottom of my heart!" cried Lord Alceston bitterly.

"Then, Bernard, be careful lest you should be that one. You seek to penetrate the mystery of his death. You may drag into the light fragments of a past which no lips save his could rightly explain, and which unexplained might damn forever his memory in men's thoughts. Oh, listen to me! Don't turn away! Let me warn you! You are the earthly trustee of his reputation. Blameless or sinful, there is a part of his life from which the curtain must never be lifted, least of all by clumsy, unthinking fingers groping in the dark."

Her voice had gathered force, had risen from a nervous, tremulous whisper to an impassioned cry, which seemed to fill the darkened room and which rang and burned in his ears with strange thrilling effect. He moved a little away from her and looked into her wild beautiful face, on which the firelight was casting strange lurid gleams, half fascinated, half frightened. Resistance, anger, entreaties, he had steeled himself against. But this was something different. There was the ring of truth in her passionate words. What did it all mean? What could it mean?

"Mother, I cannot believe this!" he cried at last in a low, hoarse tone. "You—you must be dreaming. My father's—his life has been a public one before the eyes of all men. There could have been nothing behind it. Oh, it is horrible sacrilege to hint at such things! I can never believe it."

She rose slowly to her feet and moved away till her dark figure was almost lost in the shadows of the room. His eyes follow her wonderingly. When she returned she held in her right hand a small black book.

"You are hard, Bernard," she said, "very hard to convince. See, I swear that every word I have uttered is truth. If you go on with your search, and if you succeed, you will blacken forever your father's memory. I do not say that this will be justice. I do not say that ever in his life he committed knowingly one single sin. But if you discover anything at all, you will discover but a part. The other part could only be explained by lips which are silent forever. The sin, or what will seem like sin, you will publish to the world; the justification the world can never know. As I live this is so. I swear it. I am your mother, Bernard, and I swear it."

"Then if it be so," he answered, "I must know all. Then I will judge for myself. I must share your knowledge, mother, whatever it may be."

She threw herself back in her chair with a little hysterical cry and covered her face with her hands.

"I cannot tell you,' she moaned. "I can never tell you."

"You must either tell me, or——or——"

"Or you will go on with your purpose?"

"I shall."

She made no reply. For several minutes there was a deep silence in the little apartment. Then, as though rousing himself from a deep fit of abstraction, he drew himself up and pushed away the high-backed oaken chair against which he had been leaning.

"Mother," he said, "you have nothing more to say to me? I am going."

She let him reach the door before she spoke.

"You have brought this upon yourself," she said, speaking hoarsely and as though with great difficulty. "Come here—closer, closer."

He moved to her side, and in obedience to the nervous clutch of her fingers upon his coat sleeve bowed his head until it was almost on a level with her lips.

"No one can possibly overhear you, mother," he said, a little impatiently, yet awed in spite of himself by her strange manner.

Her white quivering lips almost touched his ears. They moved, slowly, at first, then quickly, and the words streamed out in a hoarse agitated whisper. They ceased and she drew back, frightened and gasping to watch their effect. His face was suddenly white and haggard, and great beads of perspiration hung upon his forehead. But blank incredulity struggled to the front, and expressed itself in a frantic, passionate tumult of words, which seemed as though it must overwhelm all opposition. She listened, and the white pitiless lips moved again. Then there was silence, deep intense silence, broken only at times by her low, spasmodic sobbing. It was the sobbing of a broken heart. Nothing could be worse than this. He knew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

FORCED TO CONFESS.—A curious point in Swedish criminal law is that confession is necessary before a capital sentence can be carried out. If, however, the culprit persists in protesting his innocence in the face of overpowering evidence the prison discipline is made extremely severe, so as to extort the desired confession.

OLD BOOKS.—The most ancient books extant are the earthen ware tablets from Nineveh. They are usually 9 inches by 6, and an inch thick, though the sizes vary greatly. Each is covered with cuneiform characters, often very minute. The impressions were first made, after which the plates were baked in a furnace.

MOUNTAINS UNDER THE SEA.—Scientists say that if the bed of the Pacific ocean could be seen it would disclose to view several mountains with truncated tops scattered over it. These mountains would be perfectly bare at their base, and all round their tops they would be covered with beautiful vegetation of coral polypi.

WHITENING SUGAR.—The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle and then strayed into the sugar-house. Her tracks were, of course, left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepping were whiter than the rest, the process of bleaching sugar with clay was adopted.

AN ARCH OF GOLD COINS.—A novelty in the way of triumphal arches was seen when the Governor-General of India visited Rangoon not long back. One structure, very handsomely decorated to begin with, was still further enriched by being covered with gold mohurs and real sovereigns—valuable coins in India—worth over $50,000, each mohur being equal to fifteen rupees. The coins were stuck to the red cloth with a glue that had been specially prepared for the purpose, and was no doubt sufficiently strong to keep the gold pieces quite safe from all attempts to steal them.

BEECH TREES.—The common notion that beech trees are not struck by lightning so often as other trees is supported by experiments made by Jonesco Dimitrie, who passed the spark of a Hatts machine through blocks of different kinds of wood. The spark passed through oak after one or two revolutions of the machine, while five were required for black poplar and willow, and from twelve to twenty for beech. It was found that the difference was due to the richness in fat. Pine, which is rich in fat in winter but poor in summer, showed a resistance corresponding to the time at which it was selected for the test.

POWDER AND PATCH.—Wigs are of very ancient origin. According to Xenophon, Astyages, King of the Medes, wore a wig. In the writings of Livy, Plutarch, and many others, references are made to this covering for the head, which was made of hair, silk, thread, or other material. The ancient Romans were prone to use the natural hair, and preferred the blonde locks of the Germans. It is stated that "Henry III., of France, having lost his hair by sickness, wore a wig, and his courtiers began to follow his example." At the time of th eFrench revolution both wigs and powder disappeared; but the large white wig is still worn by the English judges.

A SNAKE MOUNTAIN.—There is a horse-shoe shaped mountain in Manitoba which literally swarms with snakes twice every year. In the early autumn those slippery customers gather there from all directions, mostly from the prairie country of the south. In one side of the mountain there is a circular hole about fifteen feet deep, and as smooth as if it had been fashioned with a well auger, where tens of thousands of reptiles spend the cold winter months together. Persons who have tried to explore this immense snake den during the summer, when the regular tenants are absent, say that dozens of subterranean passages lead out under the mountain in all directions from the bottom of the well. An authority estimates that he has seen 300,000 snakes of all sizes knotted together and piled up in a semi-torpid state in this "Well of Serpents," as it is called in the North-West.

CROSS AND CROWN.

BY ANNIE BRADNER.

Why should it be denied me,
  Why should I pray in vain?
The fate I must abide me,
  Is bitter full of pain.
To my poor human thinking,
  The gift I long to know,
Is the very one a loving God
  Would best love to bestow.

The gift I pray for lowly,
  In peaceful calm and strife,
Is but to be more holy,
  In thought, and deed, and life;
To be more sweet and gentle,
  It is for this I pray,
To be as pure and godly,
  And loving as I may!

And yet I grow no purer,
  As onward rolls the tide;
And goodness is no surer,
  Than when, at first, I tried;
And often in my doings,
  Are small things left undone;
And in my life is anger,
  Beyond the set of sun.

Aye, oftimes, in my speaking,
Come words that should be sweet;
  That draw my heart to breaking,
When calmness follows heat.
  Till weeping out my sorrow,
From Heaven floateth down,
  "Repentance is retrieving,"
And "Every cross a crown!"

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DYSON was waiting on the doorstep to receive her mistress. She literally pounced upon Jane, and almost carried her into the house.

"I am going to serve your dinner upstairs in your own room, my lady," she said, with a firmness that brooked no denying. "I have made so bold as to arrange this because your ladyship is far too tired to go downstairs. I told my lord what I intended to do, and he was more than satisfied. And, if you please, my lady, I was to give you his lordship's love, and to say he would be with you as soon as possible, but he was obliged to be round at the stables. There was an accident in the hunting-field to-day, my lady, and I fear one of the poor horses is in a bad way—much worse than the gentleman as was riding it; he was a mass of mud, to be sure, but no great hurt. They brought him here, my lady; and now all the gentlemen have gone round to the stables to see the poor horse."

While Dyson was imparting this information somewhat incoherently, she had almost carried Jane up the great staircase and into the beautiful room on the first landing. The girl was too overwrought and too worn out with fatigue to offer any protest; but, as she stood in her own room, with Dyson bustling about, making everything as cosy and comfortable as possible, she suddenly realized what her maid's words conveyed.

This accident that claimed all his attention had no doubt prevented his reading her letter—must have done so, or he would not have sent her that loving message to greet her on her arrival. Jane trembled. It was a terrible blow to feel that the worst, the actual beginning had yet to come. She looked about her in an agonized hunted way. Oh that she had yielded to her Summer's entreaties and remained at the Rectory for the night! This at least would have been spared her. She stood so long absorbed in this new and acute trouble that Dyson exclaimed energetically—

"Come—let me help you get those things off, my lady!"

"Dyson," said Jane, recovering her voice with an effort, "will you go and find his lordship? Tell him he must——"

Dyson interrupted her joyfully.

"Here is his lordship himself!"

As she spoke, the door opened to admit Lord Hampshire, and the maid discreetly passed out and left the two together. As the door closed behind Dyson, the young man hurried forward, throwing aside his hat and gloves as he did so.

"My darling, my dearest love, did you think I was never coming? I am——"

He paused abruptly, and his arms fell suddenly to his sides. With a hurried movement, Jane had drawn herself far from him and put out one hand with a gesture that could not be mistaken. Her veil was thrown back; the sudden demand on her courage and strength had brought a stern expression upon her face, which, with its deathly pallor, revealed to him instantly that some terrible blow had fallen upon her. For one moment there was silence between them; yet in that brief space of time the joy and gladness that had filled his heart during the past few months faded away; his face, bronzed as it was, grew almost as pale as her own. He hardly recognized Jane's voice when she broke the silence, it was so hollow, so changed, so dull.

* * * * * *

"I sent you a letter," said Jane to her husband—and her words came slowly and with great difficulty. "You have not read it? I am sorry; I wanted to spare us this, to——"

He put up his hand to his breast-pocket. He had slipped the letter in there in the hurry of the moment. He had kissed it surreptitiously before he had hidden it away; he could not read it before the group of mud-splashed hungry and excited men who had accompanied their less fortunate companion to Wyefeild. He had guessed it would contain just a few tender words, her reason for stopping at the Rectory before returning home, and he had promised himself a moment's joy in reading it by-and-by. If he had only known, if he had only imagined what this innocent looking envelope really contained! He took it from his pocket now and looked at it in a blank uncomprehending way; and Jane shivered as he did so.

"Do not read it," she said hurriedly; "its mission has failed—it cannot help us now. And do not speak to me," she cried, waking suddenly from her weakness as she saw his lips begin to move—"do not say anything till I have spoken, till I have told all that must be told!"

She took off her hat and veil as she spoke, and sank down, with her heavy cloak still about her shoulders, into one of the chairs near. With her eyes averted from him and her hands lying clasped on her lap, she gave voice to the agony of her heart.

"To-day," she said, no longer quiet or dull or even weak, but speaking in a feverish way, "after my visit to the grave, I went to Carno Court. My object was to see Meadows. I did not find him—poor man, he had been dismissed—but I found my father's widow. I have felt from the very beginning that Lady Ludlowe was my enemy. I have often longed—nay, almost prayed—that I might never meet her. It was a presentiment, I suppose, that she would do me harm; but I have never imagined, even in my sharpest fears the harm she could be permitted to do me until to-day. She told me all her past; she told me of your—your love for her, of her cruelty to you. She told me why she married my dear father; she did not spare herself, and she did not spare me. She put things before my eyes in a way that I could never have seen them for myself. She showed me how cleverly I had been deceived, how easily I had become the instrument of your revenge. She struck me to the heart," Jane said brokenly, and yet with passion in her voice, "she trampled upon all my dearest, my highest feelings; she was determined to hurt me, and she succeeded! Oh, yes, she succeeded! She has conquered me. She might as well have killed me, for she has destroyed my life, she has dishonored you, and—and——" She broke down for a moment, and, when she went on, the anger had died out of her voice; it was cold and faint and gentle once again. "I wrote in that letter that you have not read that I have tried to divest this story of the malice, the enmity which so undoubtedly prompted her to tell it to me; but still there is so much that will remain! When I look back"—hurrying on now as if in nervous dread of her own words—"when I recall the past clearly, I understand the truth of what she said; I—I am forced to accept the humiliating facts that her cruel anger put before me. I do not want to judge you, I could not bear to reproach you as to anything except that one terrible beginning, that wrong that you did me when you came to me with lies of empty meaningless love for me upon your lips. That was indeed a cruel thing; it was an unworthy thing, it was a crime! You have changed everything for me, you have taken everything from me; and, oh, I have loved you, I have believed in you! You have been to me all—all; I have forgotten everything but you—my father and my memories of the past—and now——"

She put up her cold hands suddenly to hide the tears that would come. The silence that followed was terrible. The faint flame of anger and just indignation had died out, and she was weeping from sorrow for them both and for the misery that stood between them. How long was it since he had come into the room—how long since his voice had cried those eager tender words of welcome? Was it possible that five minutes had not passed since his happy entrance? He stood just beyond her, so still that he might have been a monument of wood or stone, not a living, breathing, suffering man.

Jane rose at last. The tension on her nerves was almost more than she could bear. She walked unsteadily towards the fireplace; and, as she did so, he spoke.

"One thing—one thing only I will ask you," he said; and she started at the sound of his hollow voice. "It deals with the present, not with the past. You are right—a thousand times are you right in your condemnation of the wrong to you that I once meditated. It was unworthy, it was dishonorable, it was a shame to my manhood; but of that I will not speak now. I will ask for no mercy, for no pardon, but—but"—strong man as he was, his agitation made him falter—"but I will ask you for your faith. I will ask you to believe one thing, and to tell me with your own lips that you do believe this one thing. It is"—he drew a little nearer—"that you do not doubt the truth of my love now, that you are convinced of this love, that, whatever your feelings, your thoughts may be, you will not deny this truth. Answer me only this—tell me that you know my love, that you believe in it; I will not ask for more now!"

She stood with her hands pressed to her temples, scarcely realizing what he was saying; but, as he ceased to speak, she felt that she must make him some reply. She was dimly conscious of a faint sensation of joy on hearing those solemn earnest words; but her pain was too intense to let this joy live. Her ears were deafened by the repetition of those hideous statements that Cynthia had made with such convincing force, she was bewildered by the tumult of thought that thronged her mind.

"I—I do not know," she said, in a dull way—"I do not know. I seem to have lost everything; all is black and troubled and very far away. I want to believe, to trust you; I want to forget this—this darkness; but I do not know—everything is so changed, so difficult!"

Her words and manner filled his heart with acute apprehension. This intense mental suffering would be followed by the most serious harm to her if the matter were probed now and followed to its bitter end. The mere suggestion of this roused him from his own grief. He went up to her and gently drew one of her cold trembling hands into his.

"My love, my wife," he said, with an unutterable sadness and tenderness, "I will ask you for nothing at this moment; you are too ill, you have too much on your mind. You must rest, dear; you must have time given you before you answer any questions, before you make any decision." He held her for a moment pressed to his aching heart. "Oh, my love, my little Jane," he went on, with a sudden break in his voice—"oh, my life, my all, if you could only know what I suffer at this moment! I deserve some anger, some punishment; but in all that may come one thing you must know, one truth you must realise—you are more to me than all the world! I never knew the real meaning of joy or happiness till you came to me! If—if I am to lose you, your love, then my life itself is at an end!"

With a great effort he suppressed all outward signs of grief, for he felt that the limit to her endurance was close at hand. He said no more therefore, only held her in a tender and infinitely sad embrace; and, when he had pressed his lips once as in farewell upon her cold forehead, he loosened his hold and put her gently into an easy-chair. He paused for a moment to look down upon her white drawn face, and then, with a sigh, turned swiftly away and left her. Outside in the corridor he came upon Dyson waiting to be summoned, and in a hurried manner bade her hasten to her mistress; then, passing swiftly down the stairs, he made his way to his study, and, turning the key in the lock, sank down beside the table and hid his face on his folded arms. The blow was so great, it had come so unexpectedly, that he could not for the moment gauge the depth and extent of the wound. All he knew was that his life was spoiled, that grief greater than that which she had already tasted had come into his child-wife's happiness—that happiness he had guarded so tenderly—that the beauty, the gentle perfections and illusions her innocent young mind had treasured so immeasurably had been swept roughly and suddenly away, and that the evil phantoms of doubt and disbelief, perchance of jealousy too, had been loosed in the garden of her soul, to root out and trample down all the sweet delicate flowers that had blossomed there. The strong man wept at the cruel thing that had been done to this sensitive girl whom he loved so well. He knew better than she could tell him all she was suffering now. He shuddered as he conjured up the scene that she must have passed through this day within the walls of her old home; he seemed to feel the stinging remorselessness with which Cynthia had told her story. He could see the child's face blanch and almost wither beneath the force of this cruel attack. Had he not himself tasted the fulness of that incredulous anguish which convincing proof of another's falseness had wakened in his breast? The shock would be more terrible to her than it had been to him. He had been a man who had known the rough and harsher sides of life thoroughly, and, except where his heart's secret had been concerned, life had had few illusions for him in those hard-working days of his poverty. With Jane it was all so different. She had been from the beginning a child of dreams and poetical fancies, of purest thoughts. Her nature was enveloped in a veil of delicate illusions that not even her sorrow and the bitter experience that Cynthia's advent into her life had brought had been able to dispel.

These thoughts made his heart grow faint and cold now, for it would be so difficult to wipe away the trace of this blow from her mind. She was simple and young, she was gentle and generous; but she was strictly just, and her standard of morality and honor was the highest he had ever known. How could he hope to stand again in the place her love and faith had built for him? How could he ever make her comprehend the exact position? Bitterly he regretted now that he had not been the first to tell her that past story. Lord Hampshire was indeed paying the full penalty for that past moment of reckless anger and revenge.

Punishment or suffering or trouble for himself he did not fear to face; but the knowledge that he had been the means of bringing pain and sorrow to the innocent young creature whose life was linked to his broke him down altogether. And in this the first moment of his shattered dreams and hopes, strong man as he was, he gave way to the sorrow of his heart in a flood of bitter burning tears.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LADY MONTROSE had intended to pay another and a speedy visit to Wyefeild; but, although on her return to town she found her husband's gout less troublesome and her sister's condition much better than she had expected, she was nevertheless not permitted to gratify her own wishes. Instead of going to Wyefeild, she had to take herself and her boxes and the faithful Marlowe up to the bleakest part of Northern Scotland. The reason for this most disgreeable journey was a mysterious summons from her daughter Lucy, requesting her presence as soon as possible. Lady Montrose hated Scotland and all railway traveling, and, as she said frankly and plaintively to her sister Mrs. Denistoun on the eve of her departure, she felt her present hurried journey was quite unnecessary.

"I know very well, as soon as I get up there, Lucy will discover she has made a mistake. Lucy is always making mistakes; she imagines things that don't exist. Now I am quite sure this young MacFarland has no more idea of proposing to her than he has of jumping to the moon! No such luck!" added her ladyship, with a sigh. "He is worth about a million or so—all made out of jam, too—but he will certainly not bestow his fortune on my Lucy—of that I am quite convinced!"

Gentle Mrs. Denistoun smiled faintly at her sister's frankness; but there was no smile on her face as she continued the subject.

"I hope, whatever her future may be, Susan, that dear Lucy will make a happy marriage. Happiness is more than money."

"Don't talk nonsense, Helen!" exclaimed Lady Montrose. "Did one ever hear such rubbish? Why, happiness is money—at least, as the world is constituted to-day; and Lucy is certainly the last girl in the world to be content with poverty. Bread and-cheese and kisses and all the rest of that sort of sentiment have no attractions for her whatever. You are just the same as you always were! Why, for all the experience you have had, it is my belief you would do all over again what

you did in the beginning, and, if you had gold in tons offered to you, you would turn away from it and give yourself a second time to poor handsome Denis Denistoun, who never had a penny to bless himself with! No one would ever imagine that Cynthia was your daughter!"

Mrs. Denistoun looked across at her sister; her eyes filled with tears for that dead-and-gone golden past, for that remembrance of her youth's happiness.

"Susan dear, you must forgive me, but you know, when you speak like that of my child, you hurt me. You don't understand Cynthia's nature, and therefore you misjudge her. Because she does not wear her heart on her sleeve, as her mother has always done, you——"

"I wouldn't hurt you for all the world, Helen!" cried Lady Montrose. "And, though I can't think exactly with you, I will not discuss the matter further. The person who first declared the golden power of silence was the cleverest individual one could desire to meet; and, besides, I have no time to argue—I must be off! I shall be back South just as soon as I can get here. Don't get mopish or low-spirited. Where is Cynthia? Are you not going abroad with her? What are her movements? Does she intend to be in town this season? I suppose not. She will not have been a widow a year till next August. But, after all"—and Lady Montrose could not resist one slight sneer—"Cynthia cannot be judged by the ordinary canons of conventionality; she is a law unto herself!"

Mrs. Denistoun's delicate face had flushed.

"I—I have persuaded my darling to arrange to be in town as much as possible, Susan," she said hurriedly and eagerly. "She needs the stimulant of life about her, if even she does not join in with that life." Mrs. Denistoun paused, her hands trembling. "Cynthia has had a great disappointment just within the last few days," she continued presently. "She wrote offering to make over to Jane the whole of the Carno property, just as it stands; and her offer was refused. I cannot help feeling a little hurt with Jane; I think she should have accepted this offer. And there is something very strange to me, too, in George's attitude towards us; he used to be such a kind dear friend—he was almost our only friend in those old days, Susan. I used to think he was fond of us; and yet——"

"Dear Helen, the ways of the world are mysterious—much too mysterious for you, with your simple gentle nature, to try to fathom. Both Jane and Hampshire have no doubt some good reason for refusing this offer. On one point however you may always be sure," said Lady Montrose, as she rose finally to take her departure, "and that is that Jane is very fond of you, and, even if she does not see you, she will remain fond of you to the end. Now I really must go! Take care of yourself, Helen; and be sure and let me have news of you!"

As Lady Montrose's cab rattled through the streets to her own house, her thoughts dwelt on what her sister had said. Her ready wits had long since spun out the real truth of that story that rested between Hampshire and Cynthia; and Mrs. Denistoun's words confirmed what she had imagined.

"Of course he was in love with her—they were perhaps engaged; and then Cynthia comes across Sir Richard, and she very quickly settles the matter. As if Cynthia would ever have been content with poverty! But what a romance it is when one comes to remember it all! And what a bad quarter of an hour my dear niece must have had when the news of George's coming into the title reached her! Poor Helen! How loyally, how tenderly she covers up her child's faults! And she knows them so well, too. I saw what she thought and suffered all last year when Cynthia turned her back upon that poor man and came dancing up to town as gay and indifferent as the best of us." And then Lady Montrose fell into another groove of thought. "She has made Jane an offer of Carno, has she? What does that mean, I wonder? There is more in this than meets the eye; and she has been a long time in remembering what was her most obvious duty. I am quite sure that, if Richard Ludlowe had been conscious when he died, the will he made in Cynthia's favor would have been very much modified. I don't quite understand her move now, but there is mischief in it, I am pretty sure. She took the marriage much too quietly. I hope she will not do anything to spoil their happiness! Oh, dear—I would far rather be going down to Wyefeild than up to the North Pole in this expensive and fruitless fashion! Jane has not written to me for a week! If anything were wrong, I think George would have written; anyhow, as soon as I am in Scotland, I will scribble a few lines and ask for their news. I shall carry Lucy down there with me when I go. I hope she will get on well with Jane; but I am dreadfully afraid she will declare Wyefeild to be too dull." Lady Montrose sighed a little at this point. "If only there might be a particle of hope with this jam man! But there—I know all about Lucy's luck by now; and, for all the good I shall get out of this journey, I might as well stay at home and throw the traveling expenses out of the window!"

For once in her life however, Lady Montrose was to be pleasantly disappointed. The turning in the long lane of her daughter's matrimonial chances had come at last. When the journey to the North was accomplished, her ladyship was amazed by the news that her Lucy was really betrothed, and that the husband of her choice was a millionnaire.

"I have always loved jam," Lady Montrose declared to herself after she had heard the news, "but now I adore it! I feel I shall never be able to eat enough!"

The excitment, the hurry and bustle of preparing for a speedy marriage kept Lady Montrose as busy as the proverbial bee for the space of a month. The affair of arranging a trousseau and managing the hundred-and-one things necessary for the wedding occupied her so much that all other thoughts were driven out of her mind. She brought her daughter back to London immediately; and the days went by in a succession of duties all more or less congenial to the hearts of both till April was a thing of the past and May had come.

The wedding was fixed for the third week in May, and Lady Montrose paused as soon as this was settled to sit down and send a few words to entreaty to Jane that she and her husband would come to the ceremony. She had received a very sweet little note from Lady Hampshire when she had first sent the news of Lucy's engagement, and, had she been only a little less preoccupied, she must have felt, when that letter had come, that there was something amiss with the girl who had become so dear to her; not that Jane wrote any news of herself—her letter dealt solely with Lady Montrose's own affairs, and was written in the simple pretty fashion that was was peculiar to Jane—but yet there had been something lacking in it.

In answer to her invitation, Lady Montrose received a letter—this time from Lord Hampshire. He wrote just a few words, explaining with sincere regret that he feared it was quite impossible for either of them to be present at the wedding.

* * * * * *

"Jane is not by any means strong enough to undertake even so short a journey," he wrote, "and I could not possibly leave her. We are very sorry."

* * * * * *

Lady Montrose gave many tender womanly thoughts to that lovely gentle girl-wife down at Wyefeild.

"If I could only spare half a day, I would run down and see her," she said to herself; "but I have not a moment to call my own till I have packed Lucy off; then I will run away immediately. And I shall tell Jane I don't intend to leave her again in a hurry. She is a sweet child; I never thought I could ever care for any one as I care for her!"—and Lady Montrose sighed, for her own daughter was by no means a source of great happiness and comfort to her.

Never since that by-gone August day had Lady Montrose come in contact with her niece; she had not even sent Cynthia the news of her daughter's betrothal. Cynthia had not troubled herself to send any message of congratulation, nor—to Lucy's dismay—did there seem the smallest likelihood of any present coming from Lady Ludlowe, notwithstanding her great wealth.

Mrs. Denistoun however tried to make amends for her daughter's coldness and indifference; and once she said to Lady Montrose, in a half-nervous hesitating way, something that had evidently weighed on her mind considerably.

"You do not wish to ask Cynthia to the wedding, Susan?"

"I do not wish to have a refusal," Lady Montrose had said hastily; which of course was not the exact truth, for how would it have been possible to include Cynthia in the same gathering with Jane and her husband?

As soon however as she knew for certain that the Hampshires would not be present, Lady Montrose wrote a few words to her niece, and begged the pleasure of her company.

"It is for Helen's sake," she said to herself as she did so; "for my part, I don't care if I never see Cynthia again. I don't expect that she will come, but I do expect she will write something disagreeable."

For the second time in her life however, Lady Montrose had to realize the fact that it is the unexpected that sometimes happens. Lady Ludlowe wrote an immediate and courteous acceptance of the invitation, adding at the end of her note—

* * * * * *

"If Lucy will not object to the presence of a raven; for I must of course wear a black gown."

* * * * * *

As a jewel-case accompanied this letter, her cousin Lucy was perfectly indifferent to anything else. She was not sentimental, nor was she nervous. Cynthia's black gown did not affect her; but Cynthia's diamond bangle did.

All things, good or bad, must come to an end at some time or other; and so at last Lady Montrose's anxiety and work and excitement approached the culminating-point. The marriage-day came, the ceremony was performed, the bride and bridegroom departed, the guests followed suit, and Lady Montrose was left quite exhausted in the empty reception-room with her niece Cynthia as her sole companion.

Lady Ludlowe had no intention of remaining; she was drawing on her gloves, and stood by one of the windows as she did so, tall and queenly in her graceful widow's dress—a strange figure in the bridal-decked room, with its wreaths and garlands and banks of flowers.

There was a curious set smile on Cynthia's lips; and, Lady Montrose leaned back in her chair and her eyes rested upon her niece's beautiful face, she was quick to notice that Cynthia had altered. Her face had hardened, and her delicately-cut features looked worn.

"I hope she is not going to be disagreeable!" Lady Montrose said to herself hurriedly. She was very tired, and did not feel equal to any skirmish with her niece at that moment.

"It was very good of you to come, Cynthia," she said, rushing nervously into speech, and scarcely realizing what she did say in her eagerness to escape a scene. "I am only sorry Helen was not well enough to be here too."

Lady Ludlowe smiled coldly.

"Yes—it was good of me, aunt Susan, considering all things," she said, after rather a long pause. "I had said to myself that I would never willingly meet or speak with you again; but circumstances change our decisions sometimes, you know, and"—Cynthia fastened her last glove-button, and then looked across at her aunt—"and I wished to offer you in person my congratulations on the success of your efforts last summer. It must be so satisfactory to you to realise that the love-marriage you were so instrumental in bringing about has turned out such a failure. I conclude even you would have some difficulty in finding another term to apply to the state of things that exists at Wyefeild to-day."

Lady Montrose, tired as she was, rose to her feet. There was a tone of agitation and fear in her voice, when she spoke, which did not escape Cynthia's notice.

"I have not the slightest conception of what you are talking about, Cynthia; and I am exceedingly sorry to see that neither time nor reflection has worked any good in your heart. I am sorry, too, that you should have come here to-day simply for the pleasure of hurting my feelings and casting aspersions on those whom I love. I should have known better than to desire your presence, I suppose; but I had hoped to have seen some slight change for the better in your nature, and——"

Lady Ludlowe interrupted her with a laugh.

"You should cultivate some cynicism, dear aunt Susan," she said sneeringly; "it is really a most desirable thing to have in one's journey through life! You are too good, and you want everybody else to be as good as yourself. Unfortunately you must be prepared for disappointment, as in my case, and—shall we say?—as in the case of Lord Hampshire also."

Lady Montrose forgot her fatigue.

"I don't know what manner of bee you have got in your bonnet this time about Hampshire and his wife, Cynthia," she interposed as calmly as she could; "whatever it may be, I should advise you, for your own satisfaction, for your own peace of mind and your own dignity, to drive it from you without delay. As we are speaking plainly, I may as well tell you that the whole story of the past is known to me; and, as I look at you to day and remember this, I pity you sincerely. Yes—I pity you, for you have ruined your own life and thrown away your own happiness! You are a rich woman, Cynthia," Lady Montrose went on, noting instantly the pallor that had spread over his niece's beautiful face, "and, if you exercised just a little wisdom and a self-control, you might be a contented one too; but you are determined to be blind, you are determined to shut your eyes to the truth. You have got one thought in your mind, and you will not let it go. You are deceiving yourself, Cynthia—doubly are you deceiving yourself! You imagine Hampshire is still in love with you; you imagine he married Jane Ludlowe because he wished to be revenged on you. Both those ideas are utterly wrong. If there exists one creature in the world who can testify to the truth—the real secret of that man's mind was laid bare before me—and I, and I alone, am to blame for the misconception that has lived in your thoughts ever since those two were made man and wife. But for me, you would have been acquainted with Hampshire's plans four days before the marriage took place. You would have known then that the anger and just hatred he had held in his heart for you and the wrong you had done him were gone, absolutely forgotten in the love that had come unbidden and unexpectedly in its place. I tell you now finally and with solemn earnestness, Cynthia"—Lady Montrose's voice was very firm—"I tell you that the day that man spoke out his love to Jane Ludlowe—the day that he entreated her to become his wife—all thought all memory of the past had gone from him. Do you think a man of his nature could cling to a woman such as you had proved yourself to be? More—do you think it possible that the man who had once learned to love such a woman as Jane is could find it in his heart to think twice of a woman such as you are?"

Lady Montrose saw the tall proud woman before her wince at these words. She checked her anger instantly and dropped her voice.

"Oh, Cynthia, I am sorry for you!" she said more gently. "Even yet you might find peace and rest and work for your hands; but you put it all aside to harbor a wrong that does not exist—to wish harm and misfortune to one who has never wronged you, but whom you have always wronged. I do not know what has happened of late to Jane, but this I do know—if you have been instrumental in giving that child sorrow, the day must come when you will feel both remorse and self-reproach for what you have done. I am not a good woman, as good woman go, but I hold myself better than you, for to think as you do, to hate as you have hated, to act as you have acted would be an impossibility to me—would seem a lasting shame on me to the end of my days!"

Cynthia stood staring out of the window with eyes that did not see; her aunt's words cut deeply into her heart. It was their truth that hurt her. She had not known one restful hour since that day at Carno, since that moment when in utter silence, yet in a grief, a sense of wounded pride great as death itself, Jane had gone slowly out of her old home, driven forth by the force of that reckless hate, that cruel revenge. Time had brought no diminution yet of the condemnation her own conscience had heaped upon her. Cynthia had tried with all her might not only to forget, but to nourish and harbor her hate for the future as she had done in the past. Not a sign, not a hint of what had followed on that memorable interview had come to her. She only knew that husband and wife were not separated. If there had been any parting, she must have known of it; the news must have reached her in some way. But they were together. And there was no suggestion of a separation, no breath of scandal or comment; there had been nothing to give her any clue to what was happening till the day before this wedding. Glancing in a languid indifferent way through a daily paper, Cynthia's attention had suddenly been arrested, the blood had receded from her, her heart had almost ceased to beat. It was only a paragraph of about four lines, but it was enough; it told her all that she wanted to know. It conveyed the information that the Earl of Hampshire had been offered and had accepted the post of Governor in a distant British settlement, and was to start for the fulfilment of his duties at the commencement of June.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Gadby: "Mrs. Henry Peck has her husband in complete subjection." Mrs. Clatter: "From what do you judge?" Mrs. Gadby: "I asked him a question the other night, and he turned to her and said, 'Let me think.'"

MY CIRCE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Red roses lie in her bonny dark hair,
  Her breath is sweet as the brier-rose;
I watch her with my heart in my mouth,
  As through the waltz she goes.

She dances, queen of the royal ball,
  Dances as one whose heart is glad,
To the dulcet notes of music sweet,
  And laughs while I go mad.

She loved me back in the olden time,
  This red-lipped woman with dusky hair.
But now at my coming she turns away,
  Tho' I break my heart she will not care.

A SIN ATONED.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER II.

PERHAPS it was some prophetic instinct which prompted her to sing that song to him for the first time.

"'For men must work and women must weep
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep.'"

Gerard Fane sighed as the song ended.

"Why do you sigh?" she asked brightly.

"I do not know. I could hardly tell you," he answered. "I might ask you why you chose so sad a song?"

"Yes; I suppose it is sad," she said thoughtfully; "but I never think of it as being so. I am not a very sad person, and I have no memories connected with any of my songs."

"Yet," he added, as if to finish her sentence for her.

"Now, what do you mean by that?" she laughed.

"Oh, I don't know, Miss Branscombe! People who have been in India get the habit of saying very stupid things. You will find me very wearisome after a while."

"Very likely," she said demurely.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, in great amazement, and almost in a huff.

"Mr. Fane, people who live in Sandune get the habit of saying very stupid things; you will find me very wearisome after a while."

"Never," he returned emphatically; and then they both laughed aloud.

Presently she sang again—a song even sadder than the first one.

"'The flower of his flock. Ah me,
  Was ever maid so fair?
He guards her every thought and look
  With anxious loving care.
Ah, welladay for the lover,
  Ah, welladay for the lass;
For tears are shed, if vows be said
  That ne'er may come to pass!

A gallant to the village came,
  So debonair and free;
He smil'd, the maid looked down and blushed,
  So soft of heart was she,
With honeyed words of false intent
  He wooed her day by day;
He promised all he never meant,
  And stole her heart away.
Ah, welladay for the lover,
  Ah, welladay for the lass,
For tears are shed, if vows be said
  That ne'er may come to pass!"

"Oh, I have not patience to sing any more!" cried Miss Branscombe, stopping suddenly. "It is such an absurd thing. I don't believe any man ever acted like that."

"Don't you?" he asked a little eagerly—or at least she thought it seemed so.

"No; I do not, as a rule, go about putting the worst constructions upon every one's actions."

"I thought you told me that you are very slow to forgive.

"Yes," she responded quickly; "but then I am very difficult to offend. Oh, no—I think that character is rather overdrawn! I always say that people do not take circumstances into account as much as they should. Of course you know, Mr. Fane, I am not so stupid as to imagine that there are plenty of men—women too, for that matter—who treat others badly; but I do not believe, as as rule, it is done wilfully. We will suppose that a man is very much attached to some girl, and separated from her by a chain of circumstances over which he has no possible control. Well, that man may and probably will change and, as the world puts it, use her badly; and yet no one ever thinks of the circumstances which may have influenced him. He has not seen her for months, or even years, and as long, or perhaps twice or three times as long, a period must elapse before he can possibly see her again. Very likely, even then, they have only a poor prospect before them. Well, if such a man meets a rich woman, who shows plainly that she likes him, who is not actually disagreeable to him—nay, whom, if it were not for 'poor little Kitty' at home, he would think a very fascinating, nice woman—and marries her, do you think him very much to blame?"

"I don't know," Mr. Fane answered. "I suppose not."

"And yet one is sorry for the poor little maid," said the girl gently. "One is always so sorry for her that one forgets to be sorry for the man at all."

"And yet he sometimes needs it most," Gerard put in eagerly. "Oh, Miss Branscombe, women often have no idea how hard life is for some of us!"

"No," she said softly.

"Now, for instance, suppose a man were bound by a will to marry a particular woman?"

"Yes?"

"And suppose he met some one else with whom he fast found himself in love? Well"—with a sigh and a slight shrug—"I suppose he ought to go away, and never let her know it?"

"That depends," she returned gravely. "We will suppose that your ideal has a large fortune at stake."

"Exactly."

"Which he loses if he does not marry a certain lady."

"Yes."

"Then, if he intends to win the girl's love; and leave her for the sake of a little money"—with great scorn in her voice—"I should say he ought to go away; but"—stopping short and looking at him intently—"I do not believe such an individual ever existed."

"Why not?"

"Oh, love would prove the stronger of the twain!" she laughed. "Money is not anything, Mr. Fane. In fact, in some parts of the world—say Sandune, for instance—it is worth remarkably little. Do you know I once made a splendid joke about money, though I didn't know it was a joke at the time? When I was being prepared for confirmation, the clergyman asked me what was the root of all evil. Well, I had not had a very model 'bringing up;" in fact I was educated by a sort of viva-voce method, and was altogether at a disadvantage amongst the other girls of the class, who were ready primed with cut-and-dried answers to cut-and-dried questions, which they knew would be asked. Well, this clergyman turned upon me rather suddenly, and said, 'Miss Haw—Branscombe, can you tell me what is the root of all evil?' I was rather taken aback for a moment at being thus suddenly addressed; and then I answered, as pat as possible, 'Satin.' Everybody laughed but the Vicar, who looked very cross indeed, and said, 'Certainly not. Just think a moment.' Well, I thought a good many minutes, but I couldn't for the life of me arrive at any more satisfactory conclusion; and there we sat, I very red, everybody gaping at me, and all bursting to give the answer, while the Vicar drummed on the table and looked just as cross as two sticks. At last, after a desperate glance at the row of eager faces, I volunteered, in a very meek voice—'Money.' Everybody laughed again—a regular roar this time; so I volunteered still further that, if it wasn't money, it was certainly the want of it; and the Vicar told me I'd better be quiet."

"And what was the answer?" Gerard asked.

"Oh, the regular answer was 'Selfishness!'" Gladys replied. "But then how was I to know that?"

"No, of course not."

"My dear child," said Mrs. McDonald, entering at that moment, "here is a letter from Edith, asking if we can go to them next month."

"Quite impossible!" Gladys answered, possessing herself of the envelope and crushing it in her hand without looking at it. "How did Edith find us out, I wonder?"

"Find us out!" Mrs. McDonald repeated in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, auntie dear, how did she know our address?"

"The letter was sent to—home," Mrs. McDonald answered.

Gerald Fane could not but notice the awakward way in which she broke off and substituted one word for another, and, partly to cover her confusion, he turned to Gladys and said suddenly—

"I say, Miss Branscombe, you never told me in what part of the world you live."

"Did I not? We have a house in London."

CHAPTER III.

IT was wonderful how quickly the time flew by, and it was even more wonderful how Gerard Fane's intimacy with Mrs. McDonald and Gladys grew. He had long since given up looking upon the elder lady as "a dragon;" if anything, she was a little too easy a duenna. She seemed to think little or nothing at all of the expedition they fell somehow into the habit of making into the country or over the sands and rocks, along the seashore. Once or twice too Gerard had taken Gladys out in a boat, and Mrs. McDonald had without hesitation declined an invitation to join them.

"Oh, my dear children," she cried, "it's all very nice for you, but I am too old and too fat for that sort of thing, and I am the very worst sailor in the world!"

It sounded rather strange to Gerard to be addressed with Gladys as one of Mrs. McDonald's "dear children;" but then, he argued, she was a kind motherly soul, not much given to looking after proprieties perhaps, but a great deal nicer than most ladies of her age. And, if the truth be told, Gerard did not trouble himself much about the matter. If Mrs. McDonald was content to trust her niece to his care, he should be the last to grumble at such an arrangement. Indeed, he felt that he could never sufficiently thank her for all the happy, free, careless hours he was thus enabled to spend with Gladys. And yet, oh, how he grudged those hours—they flew so fast! Every day he told himself he was growing fonder of her, and he grudged to the past every day brought to a close.

"Gladys," he said suddenly, one day, when they were sitting in the shade of a huge rock—he had given up her formal title long before—"you very often puzzle me."

"Do I?" she said, half smiling at him from under a huge white umbrella. "Why?"

"Well, I ought to know you pretty well by this time."

"Yes, I think you do."

"By Jove, though, I don't know anything about you!" he broke out in rather an aggrieved tone. "I never knew any one so awfully close about herself as you are."

He could not help laughing in spite of himself; and Gladys contined—

"I assure you we are quite respectable. In fact I think I had better tell you the whole family history, and then you will be satisfied, once for all. I have already told you that we have a house in London——"

"Gladys darling," he interrupted, edging a little nearer to her on the slippery rock and taking her hand prisoner within his own, "do you know that I have been at Sandune three whole months?"

Gladys nodded assent, but said nothing.

"And do you know—yes, you do know—that I have learned to love my Gladys more than all the world?"

"So much?" she said softly.

"Oh, so much," he echoed passionately—"so much that I think the memory of these months will help to make me better all my life! I've not been a very good man, dear; but I shall show you some day how great a sacrifice I am willing to make for your sake."

The soft rose-flush on her face deepened and the light in her eyes grew brighter.

"A sacrifice?" she said, in a questioning tone.

"Yes. A month ago I would have sacrificed you; now it is myself."

Just then Dido created a diversion by coming racing up to her mistress and laying a very wet sandy paw across her lap. The sentiment and the gravity died out of Gladys' face in a moment.

"Down, old woman—down!" she cried. "See what a mess you are making of my dress—my poor old dress!"

"How she has tumbled you!" Gerard said, when Dido had set off again on some important business best known to herself. "Do you know, Gladys, I have never seen you in anything but that blue dress?"

"No," she answered carelessly, shaking the sand off her skirt; "and it is awfully shabby, is it not?"

"Quite good enough for Sandune," he returned, wisely ignoring the question, which, with truth, he could only have answered in the affirmative, for the dress was undeniably the worse for wear. "I wonder how you look in evening-dress."

"An awful guy," the girl replied promptly.

"But you wear it sometimes?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally! I have not an evening-dress here, though, nor indeed any save this. I must go into the town and try if I cannot get another serge. They are the best for this kind of life."

"But I should like to see you in some other kind—say a white one," he urged.

"Ah, well, you'll have plenty of opportunities for that!" she answered laughingly.

"Shall I? When?"

Gerard Fane sighed impatiently. He wondered how he should ever make her understand that there could be no "afterwards." She puzzled him infinitely; and he almost wished she were a little more worldly-wise. It would make matters easier. He had been three months in Sandune, in daily—almost hourly—intercourse with her.

He had told her, six weeks before, that he loved her, and had elicited her response, and yet she was in utter ignorance of his circumstances, his life, his future. He had told her nothing; and she had never asked a word. Gerard could hardly understand a nature so little curious as hers. To be sure, she had told him little or nothing of herself. Her only thought seemed to be in the present. To the past she seemed to have no ties; of the future she took no heed. It was very nice and very Arcadian, of course—refreshingly unconventional; still it was just a trifle troublesome; and Gerard hated trouble of any kind.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked suddenly. "You look so grave. And just now you sighed like a furnace. I never heard such a sigh."

"I was thinking of two things," he returned gravely.

"Two very disagreeable things then, I am sure!" she cried. "What are they?"

"The future, for one," he answered, not looking at her, but gazing straight out across the changeful billows, with vexed blue eyes that saw nothing of the view, so preoccupied was he.

"The future!" she echoed. "I do not see why that need be so disagreeable as to call forth such a doleful sigh as yours a moment ago. And what was the other subject of your thoughts, Gerard?"

"I was thinking of Gladys Hawthorndean."

"Of Gladys Hawthorndean," she repeated—"my namesake! And what of her? I do not see how she can be disagreeable to you; for you have told me that you do not know her."

"I have never seen her—no!"

"Then how can she possibly affect you?" she asked, in great surprise.

Gerard sighed again.

"She affects me very much, my darling, since I shall have to marry her."

"To do what?"

"To marry her," he repeated.

So they sat in silence. Gladys had taken her hand from his, and he was afraid to turn and look at her. He was horribly afraid, now that the truth had come out, to speak at all, lest Gladys should make a scene. If she began to cry, what should he do? If she reproached him—and Heaven knew he deserved it!—what should he say? Gerard Fane wished devoutly that he had not broached the subject, but had quietly gone away from Sandune, and left her to understand tactily that their love-making was ended. What an idiot he was, he told himself, not to have done so! And yet he could not bear the idea of being dishonest to Gladys—who was so good, and who made him better in spite of himself.

However, the minutes wore on, and Gladys showed no signs of making a scene. She sat quite still—so still that Gerard began to move uneasily upon his slippery seat and to wish she would say or do anything which would break the horrible silence that had fallen upon them. He looked round cautiously; but Gladys had turned her head away, so that he could not see her face, and the large white umbrella effectually prevented his getting any nearer to her.

"I say, Gladys," he said humbly.

"Gerard," she replied, but without turning her head.

"Are you very angry with me?" he asked.

"A little disappointed," she said in a trembling voice, in which, despite the tremor, there was a ring of scorn.

"Wait till you hear all about it," he cried eagerly; "then perhaps you won't blame me so much, expect that I ought to have gone away at once. But, oh, my darling, I couldn't do it! I tried so very hard; but I couldn't do it."

"But you can do it now?"—turning to him at last, with a tender smile upon her face and in her violet eyes. She even laid her hand in his again; and thus he was emboldened to begin the story he had to tell her.

"Listen to my story first," he said. "My father had a sister, who married a man called Hawthorndean."

"Yes?"

"And after my father and mother died—

which was when I was quite a little chap —my uncle Hawthorndean, as I had been taught to call him, took pity upon me and brought me up. That is to say, he sent me to Eton, and then into the Army; and he allowed me five hundred a year as long as he lived."

"Well?"

"I was not the only child upon whom he took pity. There was one nearer in blood than I was, the only child of his brother, Bruce Hawthorndean, and this child was called Gladys."

"I see," the girl said quietly.

"Gladys, like myself, was an orphan; and my uncle brought her up in the same liberal manner as myself. That is to say, she was educated at an expensive school in Paris, and, I understood, introduced into society as his heiress, and, I suppose, courted accordingly. Well, a few months ago my uncle Hawthorndean died, leaving the most idiotic and extraordinary will any man ever left; for it held forth that, if his niece Gladys and I made up our minds to marry each other by February next, we were to have the whole of his property. If we declined, either of us, to do that, it all goes to charities."

"Well?" said Gladys calmly.

"Well, don't you see"—a little fretfully —"that I am bound to marry Gladys Hawthorndean?"

"Suppose she won't have you?"

Gerard laughed.

"I don't suppose she is a fool, and besides, you know, Scotch people always have a keen eye to the main chance."

"And you have never seen her?" Gladys asked.

"Never."

"How was that?"

"I had been in India nine years when my uncle died; and he did not take up Gladys until after I left England."

"Then you don't know what she is like?"

"Not the least idea. A raw-boned Scotchwoman, I should think."

"Pooh!" Gladys laughed, holding out a slender wrist for inspection. "I am a Scotchwoman. Then how old is she?"

"Somewhere about twenty."

"Oh, quite young!"

"Yes; a good deal younger than I am."

"And how much money has she?"

"My dearest child, we neither of us have a screw," he said; "and that is why we must marry! The estate is worth about seven thousand a year."

"Then you are going to marry her?" Gladys said, her eyes darkening—until that moment she had not really believed it.

"I have told you so, my child," he returned.

Then another silence fell upon them, which lasted so long that he wondered if she was ever going to speak to him again. How quietly and composedly she had taken it! He felt just a trifle piqued that she had not seemed to feel it more. Was it that she did not really believe it?

"Gerard," she said suddenly, breaking in upon his thoughts and speaking in soft persuasive accents, "would you not do something for me?"

"Anything in my power, as you know," he answered.

"Give up this Gladys Hawthorndean," she said, in a coaxing tones. "You don't care for her; you may not like her at all; you may find her ugly, disagreeable, bad-tempered, not willing to have you. By-the-by, how is it you did not go to see her as soon as you reached England?"

"She is abroad somewhere, and I was not very anxious to fasten my fetters sooner than necessary," he answered bitterly.

"Give her up, dear," she urged. "Such a marriage will never make you happy. And, oh, Gerard, what is money worth after all? It is so little."

"I cannot," he said firmly.

"You can if you will!" she cried. "You care for me, do you not, Gerard?"

"Heaven knows I do, dear!" he answered sadly. "If I were a rich man, I would ask you to be my wife at once; but I am a very poor man indeed. I have nothing besides my profession, and that is hardly worth considering."

"I implore you not to leave me!" the girl cried earnestly. "You will repent it. Oh, be true to your own heart! Do not throw your love aside for the sake of a little money."

"But, my darling child, it is not a little; it is seven thousand a year," he answered. "I dare say money may seem very contemptible to you, because you have never had it; but remember, I have been brought up to consider myself as my uncle's heir. I have never known what it was to deny myself anything. If I overstepped my allowance my uncle paid it; and, oh, I have a heap of bills! I could not live in poverty."

"And you will go away and leave me?" she asked incredulously.

"I must."

"I can't understand it!" she cried passionately. "I thought you cared for me; you said you would love me always, and yet—you go away and leave me."

A deep sigh broke from Gerard Fane's lips.

"I think you are unreasonable, Gladys," he said severely. "You do not consider how hard it will be for me, how often I shall long and hunger for you while you —— Oh, you are young, my darling, and you will marry some of these days, and then you will forget all about the man who loves you so well!"

"So well that he left me for a little money," she interrupted.

"That he left you because he had not enough money to keep you," he corrected. "Oh, my little love, I know it is bitterly hard for you, as Heaven knows it is for me; but, in times like these, one must think of food and clothing. My child, we cannot live in Sandune without some money; and already mine is fast disappearing."

"Well, I must be going," the girl said, rising and shaking the remainder of the sand from her dress. "Good-bye, Gerard."

"Good-bye!" he echoed. "I shall see you again.

"I think not. It is of no use to prolong this torture; and I fear I shall not keep my temper or my composure much longer."

"But you are not going without another word to me?"

"I will tell you one thing," she answered. "I think you will be sorry for this one of these days. Nay, I am quite sure of it."

"I am sorry now," he said sadly. "Oh, child, don't be angry with me! You don't know how great a sacrifice I make in leaving you."

"What do you mean?" she asked haughtily.

"I mean that a month ago I meant to persuade you to go away with me—now I love you too well for that."

An angry flushed reddened the girl's pale cheeks, and her violet eyes darkened almost to blackness; but she did not speak.

"Do not reproach me," he said, seeing her lips unclose, and fearing she was about to speak; "my punishment is heavy enough, Heaven knows!"

"I never was a scold," she said, with a little sad smile. "But, Gerard, has it never occurred to you that I may be as rich even as Miss Hawthorndean?"

"Gladys!" he ejaculated blankly.

"Yes," she continued, with sad scorn, "you would have lost nothing. Now I wish you good-bye, and joy of my namesake, Gladys Hawthorndean!"

Before Gerard could speak or put out a hand to detain her, she was gone. He knew it was no use to follow her, for already she was within sight of her own house. They had been sitting in the shelter of a huge rock just below the cottage; and Gladys was half-way up the cliff and within three minutes' walk of home before he even recovered from his surprise. So, seeing he could not come up with her, he seated himself upon the slippery uncomfortable rock and told himself in no measured terms that he was simply the very biggest fool the world had ever seen.

Still, announcing that fact over and over again to himself, the winds, the waves, the rocks, and the cliffs, did not at all help to set matters straight, or to make the irrevocable past any less foolish. The more he reflected, the more he thought and called himself a fool. He might have seen, he ought to have known, they were rich people. Now he recollected that he had noticed and wondered at half a dozen superb diamond rings on the fingers of Mrs. McDonald's left hand. He had been so stupid as to think that, because he had seen Gladys in but one dress, she had not another. He had imagined, because they were living in a little unpretentious house in an out-of-the-way Scotch village, that it was for the sake of cheapness.

"And, oh," he cried passionately, "what a fool I am!"

Well, it was done; and what was done could not, he supposed, be undone. Gladys, with her soft clear violet eyes, her dainty high-bred ways, her fearless disregard of village gossip, and her "infinite variety," was gone. She must henceforth be as one of the things which have been; she had passed out of his life. And then there came before his eyes a vision of a sandy-haired freckled face, with high cheek-bones and gray-green eyes—an imaginary Gladys Hawthorndean. If she should prove like that, he could not and would not marry her for all the money in the world. After all, as his Gladys had pleaded so earnestly and yet so tenderly, what was money worth in comparison with the joy or misery of a whole life? And then he fell to wondering if she was offended beyond all hope of reconciliation and forgiveness. Surely, when she found how dearly he loved her, she would relent! Why, he suddenly remembered that she had never uttered an angry word—that she had only wished him joy of Miss Hawthordean. He would go up to the cottage at once and asked her for her forgiveness ever so humbly. Heaven only knew, he thought, how sorry he was. And yet Gladys ought to have told him. It was all her own fault for making believe to be what she really was not. So he tried to satisfy his conscience—the conscience which would have none of his excuses, which would have none of the salve with which he tried so very hard to soothe it. He knew well enough, now that he came to think of it, that Gladys and her aunt had never tried to appear poor. He remembered a dozen allusions by which he ought to have known that they were of his own station—allusions to country houses and to dinners. Why, the very dog through which he had made their acquaintance was unmistakably the dog of wealthy people. He had not patience with himself for having been so blind as to spoil his whole life—and hers—because he had never seen her wear but one dress. He had allowed the whole of his future prospects to be blighted by a dress. It was no wonder he called himself a fool.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINNING A WAGER.—The reign of Napoleon III. in France was characterised by many arbitrary arrests, made on mere suspicion, by a police which had no respect for individual rights.

A public man of the time, Grammont-Caderousse by name, took advantage of his acquaintance with the prefect of police to protest against this state of affairs. He declared that matters had come to such a point that no citizen, however innocent, was sure of being able to reach his home at night without being arrested. The prefect denied that this was true.

"Will you wager a thousand francs," Grammont-Caderousse asked, "that I shall not be arrested to-morrow without having committed one unlawful act or having said one word?"

"Certainly I will," answered the prefect.

"Very well. The wager is made."

It seemed to Grammont-Caderousse that, in the interest of public safety, he was justified in the course which he proposed to take. The next day he dressed in poor and shabby clothes, went to the boulevard cafes, and sat down at one of the open-air table in front of the place. He ordered some food, and while he was eating it he took out a handkerchief with red ink stain upon it, and pouring some gold coins out of it, began to count them.

Five minutes afterward two police agents tapped him on the shoulder, and beckoned him to come with them. Without a word or the least resistance Grammont-Caderousse followed them. He was taken to the police station; his pockets were search, and he was locked up.

That evening, in his office, the prefect of police was informed that a man of suspicious appearance had been taken, who had on his person an elegant card-case containing cards bearing the name of Grammont-Caderousse.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the prefect. "Grammont-Caderousse has been going into bad company in the hope of winning his wager, and has probably been murdered and robbed. Bring the rascal to me!"

The rascal was brought and stood up before the prefect, who recognized him instantly.

"Well," said Grammont-Caderousse, "have you not fairly lost your wager? You may ask your men here whether I did anything or said anything. I have been in prison five hours. It will cost you only two hundred francs an hour!"

As the result of this somewhat extraordinary proceeding, orders were issued to the police to be somewhat more cautious in making arrests.

THE SYSTEM IS OFTEN SO RAPIDLY REduced by a severe attack of Diarrhœa, or other Bowel Affection, that it would be better to keep by you Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a sure curative for Asiatic Cholera, Cramps, Dysentery, and the Summer Complaint of children.

Scientific and Useful.

BAROMETERS.—A window cord is an excellent barometer. When it tightens the reason is found in the fact that the air is full of moisture, and rain is probable.

NON-INFLAMMABLE.—To render curtains and other like textile fabrics non-inflammable, dip them into a solution, of about 20 per cent. strength, of ammonium sulphate and dry them. The fabrics may be starched and ironed, or finished in the usual way.

CABS.—In Berlin every cab has a registering machine that tells the passenger exactly what he has to pay, and tells the owner of the cab what has been earned by the driver. The machine thus prevents disputes between passengers and drivers, and between the latter and their employes.

LEATHER.—The substitution of camel's hair, cotton, paint and chemicals for leather in machinery belting is said to be meeting with some success by manufacturers who have examined into the matter. It is an English invention, and the material is claimed to be stronger than any other belting, more durable, more efficient and as low-priced.

FOOT BICYCLES.—An ingenious inventor has provided himself with a pair of bicycles for his feet. The wheels are about four inches in diameter and are strapped to him like skates. They have rubber tires and glide over the pavement with ease. They are very superior to the common roller skates, and the owner moves along almost as fast as the bicyclist.

KNOT AND MILE.—One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about 87 per cent. of a knot, the latter being, approximately, 6082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5280 feet.

SNEEZING.—Sneezing may be averted by pressing firmly upon the upper lip with the fingers. The "why" of this is that by so doing we deaden the impression made on a certain branch of the "fifth nerve," sneezing being a reflex action excited by some slight impression made upon that nerve. Proof of this is seen in the fact that sneezing never takes place when the nerve mentioned is paralysed, even though the sense of smell be fully retained.

Farm and Garden.

PLANTING.—In selecting the locality for planting each tree do not be governed by the present size, but allow for a spread of fifteen years' growth.

OVERFEEDING.—No animal will thrive if overfed. It will seem to gain rapidly for awhile, but, sooner or later, the digestive organs become impaired and disease results.

THE GARDEN.—The garden is the index of the farmer's power to care for the details of his business. A neglected garden gives away the habits of order in his business.

TREES.—Trees, whether planted for ornament or usefulness, are the better for the society of other trees near by, because of their affording one another mutual protection from winds and from extremes of heat and cold.

SMALL THINGS.—Make up a list of the bolts, nuts, screws and small tools that you are in constant need of, and buy them in one lot, and put each in a well arranged series of pigeon holes and keep them there. The saving will pay a greater interest than the savings bank account.

SHEEP AND HOGS.—Sheep and hogs are good in orchards—hogs preferable to sheep, because they root the ground over and prepare it for an application of fertilizer. Neither class of stock is sufficient for the full amelioration of the soil to bring the orchard to its best productive capacity.

DUST BATHS.—To provide a dust bath for the fowls it is not necessary to keep dust in a box. Spade up a space in the corner of the yard about four feet square and a foot deep, and sift the dirt so as to have it light and fine. Let it be done on a dry day, and should it become wet from rain repeat the work the dry day. After the first time it will require but a few minutes' time and the hens will enjoy it very much.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

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On Putting Things Off.

One of the chief arts to be learned by any nation, or by any man in his downward road to the Do-Nothing Kingdom, is the "art of putting things off." It is very easily learned; and the more a man practises it, the more adept he becomes in it. It resembles other arts in this; but it is more easily acquired, and the art soon grows into a habit. The shoeing horn to pull this easy art on is the promise to "think about it." People who promise this, very often, of course, acquire the habit of not thinking about it, and finally do not think at all; and leaving off thinking, they soon leave off doing. They soon excuse themselves, as every one can; they regard business as a bore, and activity as very irksome.

To put the best side foremost, and there is always much to be said on either side, there are some great virtues in dilatory people. They are hopeful. To-morrow will be to them a better day than to-day; and if they take thought for to-morrow, it is to think that it will not only bear its own burdens, but bring its own pleasures and consolations with it.

But it is not from the virtuous side of delay that the vice of putting things off springs. The content that arises from laziness may border on a virtue, but it is after all a vice. Delays are more dangerous in life; they are almost fatal, because they lead to other delays, which at last do the business.

Laziness, a holding backward, and an unwillingness to do what lies before us, is not only so common a vice as to be the mother of all vices, but is a ruling vice in many men and many nations. It is a frequent companion of pride; one fancies that stateliness and slow procedure must somehow be the proper thing with great people. On the stage the real tragedy walk of a step and a slide seems to have struck all solemn actors. The slow-resolving Brutus, and the hasty Cassius as well, use this mode of procession; the vacillating Macbeth, and the quick, resolute Richard, equally have this Spanish step, this strut and stop, because some one of these puppet mimes has thought is grand. Certainly proud nations have indulged in such a walk, not only in the ordinary procession by which man with his compass-like legs measures his native earth, but in business too. But this grand habit grows upon a man or a people, and it generally ruins both. Man's race is so quick and trying, and there are so many entered, such swift and fast runners, that a false start or a step lost is almost always fatal.

There is no power in the world so great as that which oversets the disposition we have to put things off. Money is nothing to it, education is nothing to it; it is the real mover, the spring of the watch, the weights of the Dutch clock; the fire under the boiler which creates the steam. It of course arises from, or certainly accompanies, good health, for without health it is seldom present, or, if present, dies out. It gives a man an action which sweeps away all difficulties, and opens up new opportunities for him. It is the new and liberating spirit, the spirit of innovation as opposed to that of a too foolish conservatism, of discovery, of thought, of invention. That of putting things off is the spirit of the drunken, the lazy, the sick and indolent, and the inert. A man, to be a man, must be up and doing.

"Papa," said a little boy, when his father, who had sat late into the night writing, woke him, "let us get up." His father explained to him that it was not yet time to rise, although it would soon be morning. "Ay," said the child, "then let us make haste to sleep; that is our business now, for we shall soon have to-morrow tumbling about our ears."

Of all persons whose head is bruised by the sudden falling of to-morrow, when we are unprepared for it, the man who puts thing off suffers the most. Time runs rapidly with all of us, but most rapidly with the man who is never ready for the traveler.

The putting off of things till to-morrow is a fatal habit, often indulged in by powerful and intellectual men, men best able to help themselves, but who think and dream, and then require others to help them. And it is astonishing how often this is the case with men of genius. Burns, a poor ploughman, had enough spare time to have raised him to a comfortable height as a farmer, when he could have afforded to wait until his reputation ripened, and he shared with the booksellers some of the profits of his glorious work. But he cried out for others to help him, and perished in his wild attempt to make himself the social equal of young Edinburgh bloods, dandies and lords. He, who was by God's own patent of nobility the first man in all Scotland, stooped to cringe to lords he despised, and wasted his time in company, instead of standing aloof, proud in the due cultivation of his own genius. He who is young, hopeful and endowed with talents, is always rich, especially if he will trust to himself, and, going forward, will take Time by the forelock, and not put off till to-morrow what he can do to-day.

IN order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing well, and to please nobody. It is better to be interested with inferior persons and inferior things, than to be indifferent with the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's tastes, instead of the cultivation of our own, the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades more or less all classes, and arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each our own world.

IF the people would not ask questions without being ready to listen to the answer, and if the person to whom the question was addressed were allowed to answer it himself without half a dozen others pouncing it at the same moment, conversation of the present day would be greatly improved without being one whit the less easy. The observance of these two rules—never to ask a question without waiting for the answer, and never to answer a question addressed to somebody else without waiting to see whether he is able to answer it himself—would alone do much to add to the pleasure, and therefore to raise the tone, of ordinary conversation.

THE more thoughtful and cultured a man is the greater the debt he owes society. It is true that he pays part of that debt through his chosen work, that the products of his pen, his pencil, his chisel, or other means of communication are effectually educating the community; yet, if he deny his presence, his voice, his sympathy, he withholds a large measure of the good it is in his power to bestow. Indeed it is largely through the influence of superior minds, generously, freely and sympathetically given, that society is elevated and public sentiment improved.

WHERE will our sorrows receive the same solace as in the bosom of our family? Whose hand wipes the tear from our cheek, or the chill of death from our brow, with the same fondness as that of the wife? If the raging elements are contending without, here is a shelter. If war is desolating the country, here is peace and tranquility. Blissful and happy hours, that unite us together in sweet and holy companionship, I bid you a joyful welcome.

IN matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution. To be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

WHEN I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of Autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance, but in the winter of my need they leave me naked. He is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy who hath no need of friends.

ANYBODY will soon become wretched who gives himself up to gloomy diagnosing of others, or to microscopic dissection of character, or to belittling remarks of associates. The censorious mind grows upon one insensibly. We cannot watch it too closely or too constantly.

THERE is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to. Industry makes art understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns almost everything into gold.

AFTER hypocrites, the greatest dupes are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently and rich.

NOTHING makes societies so fair and lasting as the mutual endearment of each other by good offices; and never any man did a good turn to his brother, but at one time or other did eat the fruit of it.

HE who subdues his passions is more heroic than he who subdues an enemy; yet there are men, who while they command nations, are slaves to pleasure.

YEARS are the sum of hours. Vain is it, at wide intervals, to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, "I'll save this hour."

THE greatest gift we bestow on others is a good example.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

GODMOTHER.—God-parents are under no legal liabilities whatever.

MUSIC.—Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was composed partly in 1832 and partly in 1841.

FRECKLES.—A harmless lotion for removing freckles is as follows: Lemon juice, 1 ounce; powdered borax, ½ drachm; sugar, ½ drachm.

SAM.—A purse of money always remains the property of its rightful owner, and the finder is liable to prosecution if he retains it knowing whose property it is.

QUERNIE.—Ida is a distinct name. Ina may also be distinct, but is oftener merely the contraction of Robina, Thomasina, Albertina, or other masculine name given to a female.

E. A. J.—The great fire in Moscow in 1812, when the Russians fired the city to drive out the army of Napoleon, continued five days. Number of houses burned 30,800. Loss $150,000,000.

LILY.—The nectarium is any part of a flower that secretes a honey-like substance. It is variously applied to modifications of the petals, stamens, and disk, and is now not much used.

AFFLICTED.—Stammering can be cured by careful attention to the breathing while attempting to speak; and with patience on the part of his parents no child need grow up a stammerer.

C. R. J.—Benjamin Franklin, the great philosopher and statesman, was well formed, his stature five feet nine or ten inches, complexion light, eyes gray, and manners winning and affable.

SUFFERER.—The best preventive of seasickness is declared to be anti-pyrine, 14 to 18 grains being taken each day for three days preceding embarkation and three days after sailing. Get enough for the whole treatment and divide into six portions.

CONSTANCE.—Of course, no human being can tell you when a season begins; the change comes imperceptibly. But taking one year with another, what are called average dates have been arrived at. They are those given in the almanacs and diaries.

RONALD.—Guelph is the name of the present Royal Family of Great Britain, and the Prince of Wales would derive that name from his mother, who, as the Sovereign, retained her own family name at her marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

F. A.—An artesian well (so-named from Artois in France) is a well made by boring into the earth till the instrument reaches water which, from internal pressure, flows spontaneously like a fountain—that is, without pumping. Such wells are usually of small diameter and of great depth.

BRIDESMAID.—The origin of the custom of throwing the slipper is uncertain, but it probably is used as an emblem of the renunciation of authority on the part of the bride's guardian, or else is intended as an assault on the bridegroom for carrying off the bride; and if so, is the relic of a very old observance. It is certainly emblematical of luck.

L. G.—The horse is specifically mentioned in the Bible in Genesis xlvii, 17. In Job xxxix, 18, there is another reference. All through the Bible from that chapter and verse of Genesis just referred to will be found reference to the horse. The use of horses by the Hebrews was discouraged and it is suggested that the reason of this may be found in Isaiah xxxi, 1—3.

ROMOLA.—The marble group by Michael Angelo in one of the chapels of St. Peter's at Rome, representing the Virgin with the dead body of Christ upon her knees, was one of his earliest works, and was executed in his twenty-four year. It has been said that it was by this work that he suddenly passed from being an esteemed artist to the most famous sculptor in Italy.

I. HAYNES.—Below is a list of the names by which the fairies have been known in the various countries: Fairies, elves, elfe-folks, fays, urchins, ouphes, eli-maids, eli-women, dwarfs, trolls, norns, nisses, kobolds, duendes, knecks, stromkarls, fates, wights, undines, nixies, salamanders, goblins, hobgoblins, pookes, banshees, kelpies, pixies, peris, djinns, genii and gnomes.

BACHELOR.—The large Greenland whale is provided with immense sieves, or fringes of whalebone, through which is discharges the water it has taken into its mouth along with the animalculæ on which it feeds, and continues this process until it retains a quantity of food suited to the capacity of its narrow throat; but the spermaceti whale, on the other hand, has a wide throat and formidable teeth. It is a fierce animal, attacking a ship's boat and their occupants without hesitation.

MYSTERY.—"The nearer the sun the greater the cold, is explained by the sunbeams bringing to the earth both light and heat as they descend to warm the hottest valleys or plains, and passing through the upper strata of the atmosphere, but leaving them always of a temperature much below freezing. This low temperature is proved by the fact that all lofty mountains, even under the equator, are capped with never-melting snows, and that the higher the peaks are, though, therefore the nearer to the sun, the colder they are. Thus aeronants, in their balloon-cars, if they mounted very high, would be frozen to death if not protected by very warm clothing." Another fact, as stated by the same authority quoted from, is, that "a globe full of cold water, or even a ball of ice, will, in the sun's rays, act as a burning lens."

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Hope on, hope ever; though to-day be dark,
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow;
Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow.
Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
With none to echo back thy thought or love thee,
Cheer up, poor heart, thou dost not beat in vain,
For God is over all, and heaven above thee;
Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever; after darkest night,
Comes full of loving life the laughing morning,
Hope on, hope ever; Spring-tide flushed with light,
Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.
Hope on, hope ever; yet the time shall come
When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And the Earth's family love one another.
Hope on, hope ever.

Her Own Folly.

BY M. ROCK.

"GIVE me a cup of tea, Maggie, and then I will tell you some news!" exclaimed Miss Celia Vane, bustling into the pretty drawing-room, where the three Fancourt girls and a couple of young men were partaking of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." "Interesting news! Exciting news!"

"A storm in a tea cup, as usual, I suppose?" said Jack Vane, the new arrival's brother, a tall slight youth, who was lounging against the chimney-piece close to May Fancourt's chair. "All your sprats are whales, my dear Cilly, and you can't take us in with them now!"

"Never mind him, Celia!" said Magdalen Fancourt, pouring thick yellow cream with a liberal hand into the cup she had just filled with tea. "You look quite hot, and must rest before you even think of telling news."

"There is never any news worthy of the name in this dull hole!" exclaimed May Fancourt languidly. "Nobody ever gets married here, and nobody dies except a few bumpkins in whom only Magdalen and Mr. Barrett can take any interest. I don't care to know that old Mrs. Fad has rheumatism in her knee-joint again, or that the Wheelers' last new maid has given them warning already; such things don't excite me at all."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jack Vane explosively, his loud roar chiming in with May's faint laughter. He always took his cue from May, and laughed or groaned as he deemed he was expected to do by her. "Good for you, May!"

"You'll find my news exciting, however, or I am much mistaken," declared Miss Vane. "All the girls will have to polish their bows and spears now; we shall see some sparring soon—ha, ha! You and I, Maggie, who are out of the running, will have some fun in watching the fray!"

"In the course of time probably Miss Vane will condescend to explain her dark speeches," resignedly declared the other young man, who from his place near Miss Fancourt at the tea-table feasted his eyes on her sister May's peach-blossom loveliness, "and harrow up our souls with the tale she can unfold; meanwhile she is teaching up patience."

"Out with it, Cilly!" commanded Jack.

"Let us have it, dear!" said Magdalen, filling Miss Vane's cup for the third time.

"Well," began the lady thus adjured, with solemn emphasis, "the Red House is let to an enormously rich man who is young, handsome, and avowedly in search of a wife!"

"Conceited beggar! Expects every girl to bribe him for the apple, no doubt!" observed Jack, whose face had not lighted up at his sister's grand news.

"Oh, I don't suppose it is true!" said Philip Wells. "Such a rara avis would scarcely pitch on Moorside for his happy hunting-grounds. May I ask where you heard this tale, Miss Vane?"

"From the owner of the Red House himself!" the lady answered, with dignity. "It is true enough, Mr. Wells. You young men will have to take care of your laurels now. Look at that wicked little May there! I have not seen her so wide-awake for a month of Sundays. She means mischief, I am sure!"

"I wouldn't look at such a fellow if I were a pretty girl," grumbled Jack, frowning at his sister savagely—"a fellow who thinks he does a girl an honor if he throws his glove for her to pick up! Pah—I know the sort!"

"Your knowledge of the world is of course immense, Jack," said May, lowering the white lids over the tell-tale brightness of her eyes; "but, if a man throws his glove at a girl, she is not obliged to pick it up, you know."

"But, if it is embroidered with gold and pearls—quite a treasure, in fact—what then?" asked Philip Wells.

"I would have it in that case!" cried Amy, the youngest of the Fancourt girls, tossing her head with its thick fair hair and throwing a lump of sugar to her dog. "I like pretty things—and gold and pearls!"

"There spoke your sex, Amy!" declared Philip Wells, rising with a certain restlessness and walking over to the open window. What says the old play?

"'Diamonds sparkle when flowers decay,
And the sight of the jewels will carry the day.'"

"Thanks for your good opinion!" said May scornfully.

"Oh, who cares what Jack or Philip thinks?" Amy demanded, laughing. "But, Miss Vane, cannot you tell us something more about this delightful man? What is his name? Is he dark or fair—from town or country?"

"Yes—tell us all you know!" chimed in May, with interest; while even cool Magdalen, who was engaged to the Vicar of Moorside—an elderly man "beginning to be bald," as Amy said—listened eagerly for Miss Vane's reply. Nobody heeded the black looks of the two young men.

"His name is Maurice Piers Maurice!" announced Miss Vane.

"Oh, what a lovely name!" cried the girls together.

"Yes—isn't it? And Mr. Walker said to me, when he told me he had let the house, 'The man's worthy of his name, Miss Vane.' He is also very handsome, unencumbered, eligible, and has I forget how many thousands a year."

"Any castles in Spain?" Mr. Wells asked gravely.

"Oh, I don't know—I dare say he has!" replied Miss Vane, wondering why the others smiled. "Now, May, confess that my news is exciting!"

"It is better than Mrs. Fad and the Wheelers," allowed May, whose vain heart had already secretly appropriated the treasure-trove, notwithstanding the fact that she was all but engaged to Philip Wells and encouraging the attentions of various others who were her slaves.

"What a joke if he falls in love with me!" said Amy, rising and surveying her seventeen-year-old fresh face and figure in a mirror near. "It's true I'm not so pretty as May, but I am younger and ever so much better-tempered. Sha'n't I crow over you, my lords and ladies, when I am Mrs. Maurice Piers Maurice! It will be Cinderella over again!"

"How dare you insinuate that I am a proud sister?" demanded Magdalen, shaking a small fist at the laughing girl; but a cloud came over May's beautiful face—a cloud the appearance of which all her relatives and dependants had occasion to dread—and Magdalen hastily proposed a stroll in the garden to avoid the storm.

"Will you not give me an answer today, my queen?" pleaded Philip Wells, when, after much patient dodging, he had contrived to draw May apart, and they stood together among the roses, the sound of the merry voices growing fainter as the rest of the party went towards the tennis-court. As he spoke, his dark eyes dwelt with almost passionate admiration on the lovely face upraised to his own. "Is it not time my long true love met with its reward?" he said, his voice a little shaken. "I have been very patient, May, but this uncertainty is breaking my heart."

"Nonsense!" cried the petted beauty sharply. "Men don't break their hearts nowadays—it isn't the fashion; and you're very unreasonable, Philip, or you would not worry me as you do. Why can't you let things go on smoothly? I hate to be worried!"

"What do you mean by 'smoothly'? I wish they did go smoothly. If you would say 'Yes' to my plea, little May—darling May!—things would be smooth indeed. It should be my care that there should be no roughnesses in your path, no thorns among your roses, no cloud in your sky!"

"How could you prevent it?" exclaimed Miss May petulantly. "It is not as if you were rich, you know. We should deserve all the horrors of a poverty-stricken life if we married each other; we should be worse than idiots!"

"Oh, May," cried Philip, hurt by her indifferent tone, but thrilling at the sound of the sweet "we," which seemed to make them one already, "you would not throw me over because I am a poor man? I have brains and sinews, I have a good opening in business; I could work for you, sweetheart. Besides, it would be happiness to be together if we were poor. If we went through some struggles first, we should enjoy our wealth when it came; and it should come!"

"It is very inconsiderate and unkind of you even to imagine that I could go through struggles, as you term them. I hate struggles, I hate poverty, and I hate——"

"Me, I suppose," said Philip, as she paused. His temper was somewhat fiery, and it was roused now. "You may as well finish your sentence. Say it out plainly, and I promise you I will never worry you again. I'm not the man to woo an unloving bride!"

May, who believed in a bird in the hand, and who did not mean to let this one escape while the other was only in the bush, felt she had gone too far. She put her hand on his arm and looked up at him with a smile.

"You dear silly boy, how you do jump to conclusions! You know I don't hate you; you know I don't even dislike you!"

"But you don't love me, May—eh?"—seizing the little hand in his strong clasp, his anger dying as quickly as it had risen.

"I never said I didn't."

"Oh, May, what do you mean? Don't torture me, darling! Do you—do you love me a little?"

"I have given you a sop, and that must do for this time," May replied. "Let me be free for a few more days, Philip. Surely the prize is worth waiting for?"

"'Not the prize gives the joy,
But the striving to win the prize,'"

quoted a gentleman in clerical attire who had come up behind the lovers unheard on the soft grass and caught May's last sentence.

It was the Reverend James Barrett, Magdalen's fiance and Miss May's pet aversion. For once however she was glad to see him; and, while Philip, too deeply annoyed by the interruption to be gracious, sauntered moodily away, May slipped her hand within the intruder's arm, offering to guide his somewhat erratic steps to the tennis ground.

Mr. Barrett was rather stout, rather bald, and rather blind; as Jack said, he "could not see an inch before his nose," and had no idea now that he had interrupted a momentous conversation. Full of good nature and kindliness, forgetful of all May's little slights and sneers, he beamed upon her now, and asked what prize that stalwart young Wells was going in for.

"Some cup for racing or rowing—eh?" he said. "He looks out for that sort of thing—good development of muscle, not much of the intellectual organs!"

"No; poor Phil, he's not overburdened with brains," May agreed, smiling as she looked after the retreating figure of her discomfited suitor.

"My darling—I shall win her yet!" Philip Wells said to himself, when late that night he was strolling from Fancourt Grange to his modest rooms in the Moorside inn. "She would never be so sweet and kind to me, knowing what she knows, unless she meant to marry me—unless she loved me."

Philip Wells had good ground for this belief. At kind motherly Mrs. Fancourt's invitation he had stayed to dinner at the Grange, and May had been as fascinating as she knew how to be. She had worn his favorite colors, pale blue and white; she had given him for his button-hole one of the two roses she wore in her hair; she had sung his favorite songs—in a slightly flat key and a weak voice, which he thought the sweetest in all the world; but she had never been left alone with him, and therefore he had had no chance to urge his plea. Still he strolled back to the inn whistling "True as the stars hath my heart been to thee;" he was full of hope in the future. He loved beautiful false May with the strength and fervor of a nature that had not been spoiled by a series of small flirtations; and, though it really suited her mood to keep him tied to her chariot-wheels, he deemed she returned that love in kind.

* * * * * *

It was a lovely afternoon, bright, windless, and warm. A group of people were seated on the lawn of Fancourt Grange. Most of them had been playing tennis for two hours, and were glad enough to drink the tea which Magdalen dispensed at a round table placed beneath a great lime-tree.

May Fancourt lounged in a low cushioned chair near the fountain, surrounded by her little court of admirers. May, who was in her twenty-fourth year, was an exceedingly pretty girl. She had curling golden hair and large bright blue eyes. Her features were small and regular, her complexion was pure and delicately tinted as the petals of a wild-rose. She also possessed a straight slim figure and perfect hands and feet. On this afternoon she wore a puffed and kilted costume of blue and silver that erred a little perhaps on the side of over-elaborateness. Silver bangles adorned her wrists, dainty shoes embroidered with silver were on her feet, and a large hat lined with blue set off her hair and complexion to the utmost advantage.

There were two arts in which May Fancourt was an adept—the arts of dress and flirtation. To the study of these she had devoted her life. She was one of those girls who are all amiability when in company, always neat, always elegant, but who in the privacy of home indulge in any amount of bad temper and slatternliness. She beheld a probable victim in every man with whom she came in contact, and never spared any pains to bring the most uncouth specimen to her feet. It was only when she had failed to win and therefore disliked and despised him that she could endure to see a man pay attention to another girl. She had even laid siege to the elderly bald-haired Vicar when he first came to Moorside; but later on, far from capitulating, that individual had taken her to task for misuse she made of her time and talents, holding up Magdalen as an example of what she ought to be; so May had openly proclaimed him a "Puritanical old bore," adding that Magdalen was welcome to him if she wanted him. This her sister evidently did, for the two became engaged soon afterwards—to May's wrath and chagrin; she had meant to be engaged before her elder sister.

However, pretty May was all smiles and affability this afternoon, for the new owner of the Red House, the handsome and wealthy Maurice Piers Maurice, stood by her side, first in honor and favor, and evidently caught in the web of her fascinations.

Pier Maurice was a very different man from those who usually surrounded the beauty, and, though neither sensitive nor observant, she dimly realized the fact. The stamp of intellect was on the broad brow, over which the man's dark hair, slightly thin already at the temples, waved becomingly. A good and generous spirit looked out from the clear dark eyes, the lids of which had never drooped to hide a mean or ignoble thought. His voice was low and rich in tone, his smile genial and ready, but not too frequent. Maurice had his high ideal of womanhood, too. A woman, he thought, should be gentle and modest, unselfish, loving, and, above all, true—no mere ornament, but a useful member of society. Charmed by May Fancourt's blond beauty and sweet manners, unused to the sex—for he had hitherto led a bookworm's secluded life—and never dreaming of deceit, he deemed he had found in her that pearl of women whom he would love and wed if he could win her.

He was thinking now, as he stood by May's side admiring her girlish speeches, of the day when, first calling at Fancourt Grange with his cousin Mrs. Armstrong, the grande dame of Moorside, they were ushered into a large room redolent of narcissus, where a golden-haired girl in a limp white gown sat reading near an open window, full in the sunlight that made her look ethereal as an angel. He remembered how, on his entrance, she rose up with lovely startled eyes that he had thought the sweetest he had ever seen, and how she had then and ever since seemed to him to be the ideal of all his dreams of love.

He was still absorbed in recollections when some enthusiast proposed an adjournment to the tennis-court, and a general movement followed.

"Will you not play for once, May?" Philip Wells pleaded, bending over the fair occupant of the cushioned chair, with a look in his eyes which it was well for Maurice's peace of mind he did not see. "It is so slow without you!"

"Oh, you know quite well that I never play tennis! I can't bring myself to put on the shoes!"

"Perhaps it would be a trial"—with an admiring glance at the dainty feet peeping out from May's blue skirts—"but——"

"Come along, Wells, do!" shouted some one; and Philip hurried off, perforce leaving the rest of his sentence unspoken.

"Is that really the reason you never play tennis?" asked Mr. Maurice, who had

elected to share May's self-decreed retirement, and was now strolling with her among the lime-trees. "That you dislike t e shoes, I mean."

"Don't you think it a good reason? When one has a small foot, why in the world should one make it look hideous?"

"Surely you do not always consider mere looks? Your sisters play, I see."

"Oh, yes; they would d- anything foolish! They would wear goloshes, I believe, if anybody made a point of it."

"And you would not?"

May shrugged her slim shoulders.

"I expect people to do foolish things for my sake," she said, with a bewitching glance and smile.

"Would you not rather they did noble things?" he went on earnestly. "Would you not rather spur them on to great and good efforts, to worthy deeds? You do not admire the conduct of the lady who threw her glove into the arena, and expected her knight to fetch it thence?"

"I never heard of her," said May candidly; "but I am sure, if I threw a glove anywhere, I should expect my knight to fetch it!"

"But this was into the arena full of lions. Just think of it—if he had lost his life over such a piece of folly!"

"'None but the brave deserve the fair,'" quoted May, plucking a red rosebud and pressing it to her redder lips. "I thought all men were brave, Mr. Maurice."

"All true men are. But there is no real bravery in risking one's life to please a woman's wretched vanity."

"Oh, you put it harshly! I prefer the reckless knight of the arena, in this instance, to your cold piece of virtue."

May said this with the prettiest air of coquetry imaginable; and Maurice, though he was a little disappointed by her sentiments, felt himself more in love than ever.

"Do you know what Sir Ralph de Lorges did when he got the glove, Miss Fancourt? He threw it in the face of his lady-love, and left her—for one who knew better how to treat a brave man, I hope!"

"So? Then I don't like him at all! He ought to have forgiven her everything if he loved her! To throw it in her face, too! He must have been a boor!"

"You see, she was so thoroughly unworthy; and perhaps nothing else could have taught her such a lesson. Besides, love will not stand all shocks. After all, it is a sensitive plant, and some things will kill it."

"What things?" asked May, with an innocent air.

"The discovery of some terrible flaw in the object of its devotion, such as self-seeking vanity and, above all, falsehood."

"I don't think vanity is such a dreadful sin!" cried May, pouting. "Besides, it is men who make women vain by their compliments and their horrid flatteries!"

Maurice looked down at the charming face, fair and delicate as the petals of the flower that still rested against it, and a smile chased the gravity from his own.

"I am sure you know nothing of the sort of vanity I mean," he said gently, "and I am sure you know still less of falsehood. Your life must have been like the course of some still clear stream along 'the cool sequestered vale of life,' unpolluted by the sins and follies of the fashionable world."

"I believe I am afraid of you, Mr. Maurice!" said May, raising her blue eyes to his, then lowering them coquettishly. "You expect so much, and I"—with a well-acted burst of childish candor—"am so full of faults—all kinds of faults!"

"There are spots on the sun," he said, "Who is faultless? I should like to say to you, if I might presume so far—

"'Thou wouldst be loved? Then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not;
Be everything which now thou art,
Be nothing that thou art not.'"

He paused for a while, then said, Miss Fancourt, before we leave our solitude, which has been so sweet, will you grant me a favor—that is, if you care enough about me to do so?"

"I think I need scarcely reply," said May, pausing among the lime-trees before leaving their shelter for the open lawn; "but say on, Sir Knight!"

"Your knight?" he asked softly, just touching the little hand that was so near his own; then, without waiting for her reply—"Will you give me your rosebud in memory of this happy afternoon?"

"Alas, there is no den of lions in which I might throw it, and so prove the sincerity of your wish to possess it!" said May archly, the color deepening in her fair face. "Would you go after it, I wonder?"

"I feel just now as if I would do foolish things for your sake," returned Maurice, his dark eyes gleaming. "But you will give me the flower? I think you know how much I want it."

May gave it with a pretty pretence of shy reluctance, her heart swelling with pleasure at his look and tone; and in another moment other words which she was longing to hear would have burst from his lips, when Amy Fancourt, looking very pretty and fresh in her white muslin gown, her fair hair in charming disorder, came up with some gay remark and put an end to the tete-a-tete.

Maurice did not see the black look, the ugly frown May gave her sister, or he might have been disenchanted; but, though he too was vexed at the interruption, he consoled himself with the reflection that the happy day was only put off—it would come all the sweeter for delay.

"I can afford to wait a little," he thought. "I think she cares for me."

So she did in her own shallow way; but for his wealth and position she cared more. That however was a view of the matter which had never struck him.

That evening Maurice sat with his cousin Rosalie Armstrong on the terrace outside her drawing-room window listening to the song of a nightingale and watching the pale moonbeams wreathe quaint arabesques beneath the trees, conscious, even amidst his dreams of May Fancourt, that his companion was strangely silent.

The two had been close confidential friends ever since they were children together, and the reason for Maurice's choice of residence was that his cousin, now a wealthy young widow, lived at Mooreside. During Rosalie's brief married life—she had been forced by a despotic father into a distasteful marriage with a rich sexagenarian—they had seen little of each other, and each had longed for the renewal of the pleasant intercourse of old days. Now it was renewed. In company with Rosalie's elderly companion, Miss Mary Hives, they had dined together on this very evening. Never had Maurice's manner to his cousin been more affectionately kind, yet, as she sat by his side in the dusk, she was silent and very pale, as though she had some secret sorrow which even his presence could not relieve.

"What is it, Rosalie dear?" he asked after a while, turning towards her and laying his hand on her arm. "Are you unhappy? Are you not well? Why, you are actually shivering!"

"I am quite well," said Rosalie—but her sweet voice was not so even as usual—"and—and happy; but the nightingale's song is so sad!"

"Do you want to scold me about something," Maurice inquired, with a smile, admiring the pale perfect profile, the soft dark hair, the fine eyebrows, the full graceful figure in its close-fitting lavender dress, unadorned save by a knot of black ribbon here and there, "and you feel it a hard task? You were always too good to me; dear cos!"

"I am thinking that perhaps I ought to speak to you, Maurice," Mrs. Armstrong replied, with a visible effort; "but you will be angry, I know; yet—— Oh! Maurice, you know I love you, my dear, and only wish—only wish to see you happy—don't you?"

"I know it," Maurice answered gravely, wondering at his cousin's agitation. "Say what you like, Rosalie; I will listen, at any rate."

"Whether you take my warning or not?"—trying to laugh, but not meeting the young man's eyes. "Maurice, you mean to marry May Fancourt?"

"If I can win her," he answered. "Are you going to find any just cause or impediment, Rosalie?"

"You loved her—you could not be happy without her?" she asked, with almost feverish eagerness.

"That goes without saying, does it not?"

"Oh, then, any warning I could give would be too late! Yet, oh, Maurice—dear Maurice—you have known her such a short time, you have seen nothing but her beauty! Do not be hasty! I—I do not think she is all you imagine her to be!"

"I have heard that women are always hard on each other, but I did think you were above being so, Rosalie. It is not like you to decry another woman, to speak against the absent!"

"I will say no more," said Rosalie proudly—as she rose as she spoke—"though it is scarcely like you to judge me so unjustly. I hope you will be happy!"—and her voice trembled in spite of her pride. "Come—let us go in!" Mary will wonder where we are."

"Are we friends?" Maurice asked, using the old childish phrase, his momentary anger passed, his eyes smiling tenderly into hers, to which tears were so close. "I could not be quite happy if any cloud came between us, Rosie!"

"Of course we are friends," she replied, swallowing a lump in her throat and smiling back at him. "And—and perhaps I am wrong. I will try to love her for your sake, Maurice."

"There spoke my little Rosie!" he said; and, drawing her to him, he kissed her forehead gently.

It was a brotherly caress, such a one as he had been used to give her often; but Rosalie could more easily have borne a blow.

"Don't," she cried passionately—"oh, don't!"—and then burst into an hysterical peal of laughter that ended in a sob.

Certainly, thought Maurice, there was no accounting for women's moods, and dear little Rosalie was not like herself to-night; but he was quite satisfied with her rather incoherent explanation that nightingales always made her feel miserable, and that perhaps she was not very well, after all.

Next day however Mr. Maurice's faith in May Fancourt received a shock. He called at the Grange much earlier in the morning than usual, for the purpose of leaving a personal invitation to a garden-party at the Red House, at which Mrs. Armstrong was to play hostess. By some mistake he was shown into the morning-room, where the three girls were assembled quite unprepared for visitors. The door was slightly ajar, and he heard a loud angry voice, which was entirely unlike the silvery accents Maurice had been wont to hear from the beauty's lips exclaiming—

"You need not pretend that you did not do it on purpose, Amy! You're mean enough for anything, in spite of your pretended good nature and innocence! I'll pay you out, though! I am not going to be made miserable and have all my prospects ruined by a man——"

Here the angry voice, which was that of May Fancourt, came to an abrupt pause as the speaker suddenly caught sight of Mr. Maurice's shocked face in the doorway. The visitor with one keen swift glance took in the scene. Magdalen and Amy, in neat morning-dresses, were seated at a round table in the cretonne draped bay-window, engaged on some plain sewing which Amy had just dropped in her distress, while Magdalen held her young sister's hand tenderly in her own, waiting for an interval in May's tirade to make an indignant protest.

Near the hearth, in a low easy-chair drawn close to the centre-table, whereon lay the remains of a just-finished meal in untidy confusion, sat the angry beauty. She wore a dirty white wrapper pinned together at the throat, where the lace was hanging in a torn strip. Her lovely hair was streaming over her shoulders, her face was flushed with anger, its beauty being terribly marred by the expression of bad temper. She looked quite capable of beating her trembling sister.

"I feel I have called at an unfortunate moment," Maurice began, feeling very uncomfortable; while Amy blushed at being seen with tears in her eyes, and May turned pale and faint with dismay.

"It is all over now," she thought knowing that Mr. Maurice must have heard her scolding Amy, and dreadfully conscious of her dirty wrapper and the lateness of her breakfast, "and all Amy's fault again!"

"I ought not to have intruded so early," Maurice went on, with an involuntary glance at the breakfast-things; "but Rosalie would not rest until I had brought her invitation. She wish d to know your arrangements in case we should need to alter the day."

All this was said in a hurried tone quite unlike Maurice's usual gentle, rather slow mode of speech; and no one but Magdalen was capable of replying.

"Thanks!" she said, not sorry that May should have received a lesson. "After all, it is not so very early—past eleven, I believe. But we do not, as a rule, receive visitors in our little room here. You must excuse the breakfast-tray. May is late this morning."

"Yes—I was so very tired!" murmured May, her voice tremulous, her lips quivering.

The sight of her distress softened Maurice's heart towards her fair one. Perhaps she had been really tired, and that had made her cross.

"I am the only one who should apologize," he said, speaking more naturally and smiling kindly into May's downcast face, which looked very lovely now that an expression of penitence had succeeded the look of anger. "Please try to forgive and forget this unseasonable intrusion, and in proof thereof promise all of you to come on Thursday to the garden-party."

After Maurice's departure, May scolded Amy again, and then rated the heedless servant who had been the cause of her discomfiture; after which she indulged in a passionate fit of crying that seemed to relieve her mind; and she was afterwards able to spend some hours in devising and arranging a bewitching toilette for the next Thursday.

"I don't believe it's all up yet," she said to herself; "and I will take care this never happens again. He ought to have known better than to call at such a time! And Amy deserves a beating for her stupid interference! But for her, I should have been engaged to him now. I wonder what sort of ring he will give me? Diamonds of course! Oh, I shall have plenty of diamonds when I am his wife! Won't the girls envy me!"—and here the beauty lost herself in dreams of her future wealth and importance.

* * * * * *

Thursday afternoon was as lovely a one as heart could have wished, and the extensive grounds of the Red House were gay with many-colored costumes and the sound of merry voices and laughter. There were tennis, archery, and boating for those who liked active amusement, and winding mossy walks, luxurious seats in rocky arbors, and sheltered nooks of all sorts for those who preferred more passive enjoyment.

The whole of the house—a beautiful quaint Queen-Anne mansion—was also thrown open to the guests; and Mrs. Armstrong, in a black velvet gown that fitted her graceful figure to perfection and a high ruff of priceless lace, did the honors as hostess with that courteous ease of manner and genial kindness that was characteristic of her.

There were many pretty women assembled at the fete, but Rosalie Armstrong, with her pale refined beauty, and May Fancourt bore away the palm, the latter, as the younger and fresher, being esteemed by most the belle par excellence.

May wore a dress of cream-colored material lavishly trimmed with lace. Her gloves and sunshade were of the same hue, and a little lace bonnet decked with pink roses crowned her golden hair. Whatever this toilette had cost her in time and trouble, certainly the effect was bewitching in the extreme; and nobody was better aware of the fact than May herself. Mrs. Armstrong, who had evidently pu- aside her prejudices, took a great deal of notice of her cousin's chosen one; the men admired, the women envied her; while May's heart beat high with a delightful sense of triumph and importance. She was on the best of terms with her sisters, too, and once, when she knew Maurice was watching her, put her arm round Amy's waist in the sweetest manner possible. Her eyes sparkled, the tint of her cheeks rivalled the roses in her bonnet, Maurice felt the somewhat grave reflections of his soberer moments dispersing under the spell of the beauty's smiles and lovely pleading eyes.

"I know I have merited your condemnation," those blue eyes seemed to say, "but I am very patient. Won't you forgive me?"—and he did forgive her.

Maurice would fain have remained by her side; but his duties as host made this impossible. Once however he did manage to draw her away from her little court, under pretence of showing her a rare plant in one of the greenhouses. When they were standing side by side amid heavily-scented blossoms and veined leaves, through which the sunshine poured in gold and green splendor, Maurice gathered a branch of orange-blossom with its crown of pearly flowers, and held it towards his companion with a hand that was not perfectly steady.

"You gave me a rose," he said, speaking very softly, "not long ago, May; will you let me give you this?"

"What is it?" she asked innocently, but her face burned, her eyes were downcast; the supreme moment had arrived.

"Orange-blossom," he said, clasping her half-extended hand in his own "to crown my queen of love. Will you wear it some day for me, May, my darling, as my bride?"

Half an hour later the pair of newly-affianced lovers quitted the greenhouse with shining eyes and faces that spoke plainly enough—at least, to a few jealous observers—of their happiness.

Jack Vane, who had been one of May's suitors, and still fancied himself the victim of an unrequited love, was devoting himself to Amy in a way that called forth many smiles and teasing speeches from his sister Celia; he grambled much to his

little playmate at the luck of some fellows and the bad luck of others.

"A fellow that's no better than others to step in and distance 'em all—it's too bad!" he declared, as he lolled by Amy's side on the grass, resting after his late exertions on the water. "But that's just the way. And girls are always taken in by brag and glitter. They don't care how they break a fellow's heart—not they!"

"There's neither brag nor glitter about Mr. Maurice," said Amy, pinning a bunch of pansies into her big straw hat. "He's far too good for May—that's all! And let me tell you, Mr. Jack, girls are not always taken in by brag and glitter; they have hearts are as well as men have!"

Something in Amy's tone made Jack look at her with new interest. The girl's fair hair was plaited round her head today in womanly fashion, a soft color was in her cheeks, the expression of her eyes and lips, half said, half smiling, was intensely womanly. The child was a woman, and Jack had just discovered it.

"Amy," he said—and now something in his tone made her meet his searching glance, then quickly look in another direction—"I believe you have a true heart, my dear, and I've been a blind bat not to perceive it before—at least, I did know it in a way, you know"—getting confused and incoherent. "I wonder if a fellow would have any chance with you, sweetheart? Ah, perhaps that was a prophetic title I gave you, Amy!"

"A fellow must wait, and try his luck!" cried the girl gaily, springing up before Jack could prevent her. "Hearts are not won all in a moment, Mr. Jack!"—and she ran away laughing, as she had done once before.

Somehow however the love-lorn youth's breast was strangely lightened of its care, and he laid the flattering unction to his soul that, when he did "try his luck," he would find it good.

The afternoon was drawing to a close; most of the guests had departed, and again Maurice went in search of his May-blossom. He was longing to take her to his cousin and proclaim his happiness; and, now his prosaic duties were over, the time was come.

After seeking vainly for a while, he sat down, vexed and disappointed by his non-success, in a small arbor hidden by woodbine, knowing she must pass it on her way to the house. Scarcely had he entered when the sound of May's voice, almost close to him, startled him.

She was evidently standing in the path behind the arbor—a narrow path thickly planted with trees and shrubs, known as the "Lovers' Walk"—talking to Philip Wells. Before Maurice could acquaint them with his presence, he heard words which fixed him to the spot, an involuntary listener.

"You have no heart at all, May," the young man said, answering May's last words; "you flirted with me as you have flirted with fifty others; you have led me on, you have made me love you, and now, you throw me over with a laugh! A broken heart is a feather in your cap, I suppose?"

"I cannot help it if men will be so silly!" May replied pettishly. "You ought to have known I was only flirting."

"Only flirting! I could call it by an uglier name," he said bitterly. "At any rate, you have spoiled my life by your 'only flirting'! I suppose Maurice's wealth is the prize you covet—eh? Oh, May, May, is there no hope for me? I have loved you dearly!"

"Dear old Philip, I am really sorry!" said the sweet false voice, making every word a caress. "I am not so heartless as you think. I would have married you—I always liked you, and always shall—but I can't marry a poor man. Why"—speaking sincerely for once in her anxiety to keep this captive chained to her triumphal chariot—"I can't sew or cook or do anything; I hate work of any sort! I must have money and carriages and servants; such things are my life! I must marry a man who can give me them; and you know you cannot, Philip. Look at me! Do I look fit to be a poor man's wife?"

"And but for him, but for his wretched money," said Philip passionately, "you would have married me? Had I been rich, you would have married me—not him? You love me? Say it once more, May! Yes—I will have it!"

"It is true, also, Philip!" said May, anxious to soothe him, and speaking as earnestly as if she were indeed telling him the truth. "But I must give up the thought of love; I must live without it. It is not harder for you than for me, my dear; Fate is very cruel to us both."

Then Philip laughed aloud.

"False—false to the core!" he exclaimed harshly. "And you think to pacify me with such speeches! Oh, May, May, to think I have let so slight a thing as you are spoil my life! Don't look so frightened. I sha'n't hurt you. Who would break a butterfly upon a wheel?"

"You are very unkind," replied May sullenly, "and I'm sorry I have wasted my time on you now! Take me back to the house, please!"

Then the two passed on; and a few moments later Maurice, who had listened to this conversation as if paralysed, came out of the arbor with a pale set face and stern eyes, thoroughly undeceived at last, but even now thankful that he had escaped the pit into which he had so nearly fallen.

All his guests—the Fancourts among them, May in much surprise and dismay—had departed before Maurice came back to the house, where his cousin, in great perturbation, was waiting for him.

When she saw his face, she uttered an irrepressible cry of alarm, forgetting all about the scolding she had prepared.

"Maurice, you are ill! What is it dear? What has happened?"

"Only the destruction of a castle of cards, Rosalie," he said, putting her hand on his arm to lead her to the carriage that was waiting to take her home. "Thanks, for all your kind help to-day! What should I have done without you? Thanks, too, for a warning you tried to give and I would not heed! At least there is one true woman in the world!"

"My poor Maurice!" said Rosalie softly, guessing at once what had happened. "Shall I see you to-morrow?"

"No—this is 'Good-bye'! I am off in the morning."

"Oh, Maurice, where?"

"Anywhere—I don't care where! There—don't look so distressed, Rosie, and don't think I shall break my heart for what is so worthless!"

"But when will you return?" she pleaded, putting her pale troubled face out of the carriage window, her large dark eyes suspiciously misty. "It will be dismal without you!"

Maurice laid his hand upon the slim fingers that rested on the top of the door as he replied—

"Before you have had time to miss me, I dare say. I don't think I can stay away from you long, Rosie."

* * * * * *

The next day there was a letter for May Fancourt lying on the breakfast-table, addressed in Maurice's hand and sealed with his coat-of-arms.

"Only think," exclaimed good-natured Mrs. Fancourt, who, together with everybody else that could be told, had been informed of her daughter's splendid conquest and engagement—"he must needs write to you as soon as this! He must be devoted!"

"Perhaps it is an apology for his extraordinary non-appearance last night," suggested Amy mischievously; caressing a purple velvet pansy—Jack's parting gift to "sweetheart"—as she spoke. "It was so very odd for a newly-accepted lover to behave in such a way; but perhaps he is subject to mild fits of insanity!"

And this was May's love letter—

"I overheard your conversation with Mr. Wells in the 'Lovers' Walk' last evening. I need scarcely say that our brief engagement is at an end. Farewell!"

And They were Saved.—Not long back six laborers who were working in a great clay pit near Chateaudun, in France, were overwhelmed by the caving-in of the pit. A great mass of earth had fallen in upon them. No one connected with the work believed that their lives could be saved; they were simply somewhere in the midst of a vast deposit of clayey earth, and must already, it was said, be smothered.

Nevertheless, the aid of science was invoked. Not very far away was Versailles, and from there an army engineer and a little corps of sappers were brought at once.

The engineer ascertained as nearly as he could the spot where the clay-workers must have been when they were overwhelmed, and using his technical knowledge in calculating distances, drove a long tube cautiously in the direction of this spot.

Crouched in a little air space beneath a couple of timbers, the six clay-miners, all still alive, heard the dull sound of the blows upon the cylinder, and knew that an effort was being made to save them. This buoyed them up, though they were nearly suffocated.

At last the sound of the blows came nearer and nearer. They seemed to be struck in the clay itself, not far away. The men had with them a bit of candle. They lighted it, and by it, flickering faintly in the foul air, was revealed a strange object entering, in little jerks of a quarter of an inch each, their place of refuge. It was the capped head of the tube. The engineer had calculated with such nicety that he had struck the very spot where the miners were crouching.

One of the men sprang at the tube and knocked off the cap with his pick. Then he put his mouth to the tube, and shouted as loudly as he could. The sappers at the other end heard what seemed a faint wail from the bowels of the earth. They stopped their pounding, and shouted through the tube in their turn.

"Hullo!" the engineer called. "How are you?"

"We're all right!" the voice came from the pit.

"Have you anything to eat?"

"Not a thing."

"Can you breathe?"

"Yes, through this tube."

"Have you a light?"

"About an inch of candle."

"What would you like to eat—milk or soup?"

"Soup!" called the voice eagerly.

"Then watch the end of the tube."

A big kettle of soup had been prepared for such an emergency. It was poured into the tube, and the six men took their turns in catching the liquid as it came through.

By-and-by one of the buried miners called—

"What time is it!"

"Midnight," answered the engineer.

"Midnight! We thought it was noon the next day."

The sappers had now but to follow the tube with their digging operations, and in due time they reached the imprisoned miners, and restored them to daylight and the open air.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

As an illustration of the enormous development of newspapers in the United States it is related that in 1880 the newspaper and press associations received only 28,000,000 words by telegraph, while last year they received by wire 1,800 000,000 words. Very few persons have an adequate conception of the marvelous newspaper development that has taken place even during the last five years. In this regard New York city leads the world.

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants, in Maine, but one that draws no salary, lives at the Portland Head Light-house. This is a large gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean somebody would cry out, "Fog coming in; blow the horn!" One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick, and no one noticed it, as they were all busy. Poll noticed this, and croaked out, "Fog coming in; blow the horn!" and now, whenever fog is perceptible, Poll never fails to give warning.

The Blue Book on marriage and divorce is said to contain singular facts, which may be regarded, however, as touchstones of civilization. In Russia, for instance, people may not wed a fourth time, nor after they are 80 years old. In France, the wife whose husband objects seriously to her going on the stage, makes herself liable to divorce by persisting in her artistic desire. In Germany and Roumania "insuperable aversion" is enough. But in Portugal civilization touches the high-water mark. There, if a wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent, the law frees him at once.

The secretary of the Navvy Mission in London makes an appeal to all bicyclists who have no further use for, or are getting rid of, their old safety machines, to send them as a gift, or sell them at a nominal price, to the society he represents, for use by the missionaries it employs. These bicycles, he says, are of "immense service to them, often halving their labor and doubling their efficiency," as they have to travel long distances in the course of their work. It is the navvies to whom we owe the good roads which make cycling such a pleasure, and it is not unreasonable to hope his appeal will be liberally responded to.

Always when visiting a sick person endeavor to sit where the invalid may see you without making an effort to do so. Under any circumstances it is always more satisfactory to see the person to whom one is talking; and nothing is more fatiguing to an invalid than to be obliged to twist into an uncomfortable position in order to see a visitor. The good effect of the most cheery talk will be nullified by the fatigue of the effort. And don't speak of depressing subjects; above all refrain from talking of similar cases that you have known or heard of, unless by doing so you can make the sufferer more hopeful. Tell all the bright, cheery things you can; retail pleasant bits of news; but don't stay too long, even though urged to remain.

Says an American business man who has been living in Mexico. "What Mexico most needs is education. The ignorance of the peons is astonishing. If the great churches of America, which are yearly sending millions of dollars to China and Africa to educate the heathen there, would devote a fair portion of that money to Mexico, far more good would be accomplished. The money would be better spent and results more apparent. The few missionaries in that country are doing good, but their number is not sufficient. Then, less theology and more liberal education should be taught, and sectarianism should not interfere with the work. Strange as it may seem, the English tongue had displaced the French as a foreign tongue, and is rapidly being learned by the younger natives."

An inventor claims to have constructed a machine which will accomplish not only the work of an ordinary type-writer, but is adapted for successful operation in the case of bound books of any size, as the device can be readily clasped upon a book of any breadth or thickness, for the recording of a deed or other instrument of writing. In this mechanism there are 74 characters, including all carried by the usual machines, while there are but 27 keys to be operated, and in its movement it strikes downward and travels over the page of paper from left to right, along a spacing bar, the printing contrivance which moves along the bar weighing only four and one-half pounds, while the clasps and the entire apparatus weigh only nine and three-fourths pounds. There is also provided an ingenious kind of lining arrangement—suitable for application likewise to other type writers—insuring perfect regulation of the distances between lines until the machine is finally worn out.

It is said that Mrs. Siddons smiled only once in the course of her life, so far as her friends observed, "and then she laughed aloud." She was visiting a house where wine was offered her at the table. She declined it, adding, "But I should like a little porter." A boy was at once sent out with the literal direction to bring in "a little porter." He was gone a long time, and when he returned was accompanied by a little man, with straps and badge complete. "Here, sir," the boy panted, "is the smallest porter I could find!" And Mrs. Siddons laughed.

Slave Ants.—Certain species of ants make slaves of others. If a colony of slave-making ants is changing the nest, a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves, the latter carry their mistresses to their new home. One kind of slave-making ants has become so dependent on slaves that, even if provided with food, they will die of hunger unless there are slaves to put it in their months.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

BLACK, BUT BRAVE:

BY E. A. F.

"FATHER, when shall you and mother and Gladys and I leave India and go home to England?" asked Reggie Weston as he cantered along on his tiny pony beside Dr. Weston's tall gray horse.

"I hardly know, my boy," his father replied, "but not yet while."

"Oh, I'm so glad of that," the little boy answered brightly, "and so will Gladys be, for I suppose we should have to leave Gola behind, and we don't want to."

Gola was the black servant, called a coolie, whose duty it was to wait upon Reggie and his sister, and go out with them when they rode upon Punch, the pony. He was evoted to his young charges, and ready to humor them in every way; so the children were very fond of Gola.

"Father," the boy continued presently, "what did Colonel Smith mean this morning when he said he 'guessed Gola was only like the rest of the natives, black all through'?"

"Colonel Smith says funny things sometimes, my boys," Dr. Weston answered.

"Yes, but it seemed as if he didn't think Gola was nice, somehow," the boy persisted; "and I am sure he is—eh, daddy?"

"We must trot along a little faster, Reg," his father said, "for it is already growing dark, and the poor lady I am called to see on our way home lies very ill."

So the conversation was cut short, and away went father and son at a swinging trot along the narrow roadway through the jungle which fringed it on either side, the strange tropical trees almost meeting overhead, forming a cool shady avenue during the heat of the burning Indian daytime, but just now making a mysterious gloom in the rapidly-deepening twilight.

Suddenly a cry as of someone in pain caused the doctor to rein in his horse and listen intently, Reggie following his example.

"I think I can hear somebody groaning in there," exclaimed the boy, pointing to a high tangle of long coarse grass amongst the trees.

"So can I," replied his father, dismounting hurriedly and pushing his way through the rank jungle growth, where almost all daylight was excluded. "Ah," he added, peering down, "here's a black fellow—evidently hurt."

Reggie, who was standing by his father, noticed how gently and swiftly he passed his hand over the prostrate form before them.

"Why, father, I believe it is Gola!" he exclaimed, in a startled voice.

"Water, water," murmured the wounded man feebly, as the doctor pressed a flask of some cooling drink to his lips.

"Yes, it is poor Gola, Reggie," his father said. "He must have fallen from a high tree, and has broken his leg very badly."

"Yes, yes, sahib," came the answer. "Gola done it this morning—very bad - Gola die."

"Oh, will he, father?" cried Reggie, with tears in his voice. "Oh, don't him, pease," he entreated.

"Not if it is possible to save him, my lad; but it is too dark to do anything here, and I must ride on at once to see the poor sick lady," he added, glancing at his watch.

"Oh! he is dead now, I think," exclaimed the boy, "for see how still he lies!"

"He has fainted from weakness," answered Dr. Weston. "Reggie," he continued, turning towards his eight-year-old son, "unless something can be done for Gola soon, it will go badly with him. Are you afraid to help me?"

The little fellow's face flushed with pleasure at the thought of being able to help the parent he loved so dearly.

"Why, what can I do?" he asked in surprise.

"Just sit here beside Gola, and moisten his lips out of this flask, while I ride on to see the sick lady, find help, and come back. We must carry this poor fellow to our bungalow. Shall you be afraid to be left alone?"

"I should like to help you, father," answered Reggie. "I don't think I shall be very much afraid."

"That's my own brave boy," the doctor said. "I shall not be gone long"; and giving the little boy a few directions, he placed the bottle in his hands. Quickly mounting, he put spurs into his horse, and went rapidly out of sight.

It seemed to Reggie, seated there beside the groaning Gola, in the gloomy jungle, as if his father would never come back, and his little heart beat very fast as every now and again strange noises caught his ears while he was listening for the echo of his father's returning steps.

Ah! here they come at last. Gallop, gallop, gallop, nearer and nearer. A few moments later, and there stood beside him his father and Colonel Smith, who exclaimed—

"Well, you're a brave little brick, that's plain." Then, turning to Dr. Weston, he added, "You're a regular philanthropist, Weston. I hope this ugly black chap is a deserving case, that's all; but his color haven' gratitude—they are queer fellows."

"Well, never mind; I couldn't let him die," was all Dr. Weston answered.

It was long, long weeks before Gola was able to get about again; but he was very patient, and the children would often go and talk with him as he lay so helpless during those hot summer months. He sometimes tried to express his gratitude to the young sahib for having assisted in saving his life, but Reggie would have "it was all father's doing."

"Me climb tree for parrot—Gola tumble—all dark," was how he described his accident.

"I'm sure he is grateful," said Reggie to Gladys. "I keep on wondering why Colonel Smith shook his head and called daddy that long name which began with a P."

"It must have meant something very nice," replied the wee girl; "only it's dreffful to fink poor Gola is all black inside, like a chimney."

"I shall ask Colonel Smith if he really is, when he comes to-night with father from the deer shooting," said Reggie.

This conversation between the children took place on the verandah of their pretty house, where they were at play, enjoying the cool of the evening after the heat of a most oppressive day, when they had been glad to lie still in doors, with the venetian blinds drawn and the punkahs gently waving overhead.

"Look at the brate bid moon, Reggie," lisped little Gladys. "I fink it much nicer than the brate hot sun."

"Hark! there's father's gun just gone off in the distance," exclaimed her brother.

"Yes, farver's dun do pop!" echoed the little one, "and now he's tummin' froo ve plantation."

"Why, father wouldn't make all that noise," answered Reggie, jumping on to the lounge-chair standing near, so that he might get a better view over the trees. "It must be Punch got out of his stable, and breaking off the bronchos, I think."

"Ma-ma, ma-ma, naughty Punch in ve plantation eating branches," called Gladys to her mother, who was lying on a sofa in an inner room.

"Call Gola, Reggie dear," she answered back.

"Gola, Go-la!" shouted the boy, running out amongst the garden trees.

But no answer came.

"Look, bruddor, how the branches shake down fere," said Gladys, pointing to a spot where the moonlight shone brightly.

But before the boy could reply Gola came panting up breathlessly, crying—

"Run, Reggie Sahib—run. Big tiger in plantation—Colonel Smith shoot, but he no kill—run."

In a moment Reggie had seized his sister's hand, for she had followed him out, and turning towards the bungalow, half-carried, half-dragged her towards it as the only place of safety. Gola, casting an anxious look at them over his shoulder, set his white teeth firmly, drew his sheath knife, and stood waiting for the tiger to break cover.

Crack! crash! went the tender branches of the young trees as the wounded animal bounded through them, hesitating an instant as he reached the edge of the plantation and caught sight of the children as they sped across the lawn in the moonlight.

With deep gurgling growls the big beast paused, lashing his tail from side to side, and then, suddenly crouching, swayed his body to and fro in preparation for a spring towards them.

But Gola's glistening eye was upon the creature, and seeing that any hesitation on his part would be fatal, he lunged forward, and just as Reggie and Gladys reached the verandah and flung themselves upon it close to the open door, he was behind them on the pathway.

Only just in time, for a second later and a piercing shriek rang out upon the night air, and the two children in time to see the faithful Gola struck down by an enormous tiger which had bounded full upon him.

But the animal's victory was short-lived; the crack of a rifle rang out sharply, and Colonel Smith stepped hurriedly forward from amongst the shadows, exclaiming, "I've got him this time," as the tiger rolled off the poor coolie, stone dead.

Dr. Weston was also close at hand, so Gola was quickly carried into the lamplight, and his wounds tenderly dressed. Fortunately they were only deep scratches, and would soon heal, his master said.

"Ah!" exclaimed Reggie, as he saw the blood trickling down the brave fellow's back, "you were wrong, Colonel Smith. Gola is not black inside, like a rusty chimney; his blood is re , like mine."

"I confess I was mistaken, laddie," replied the colonel. "A regular Englishman couldn't have acted better than Gola here; he's a plucky chap, for I saw him put himself between you and the tiger, just as it was springing. It was a narrow escape."

"And his heart is in the right place, if his skin is black—eh, Smith?" added Reggie's father, as he turned and shook the coolie warmly by the hand.

Whether Reggie and Gladys had their wish, and took Gola with them to England, perhaps you can guess.

WHO WAS THE RICHEST.—Great was the rejoicing in the Castle of Worms one evening, about four hundred years ago. Nearly all the German nobles and princes were assembled in the spacious hall, and good fellowship and enjoyment reigned supreme.

Suddenly, however, someone made an unfortunate remark as to the difference that existed between the wealth of the various States. But none of the rulers would admit that he was poorer than the others, and each one strove to prove the truth of his assertion.

"What can compare with my dominions," spoke the Prince of Saxony proudly, "every mountain of which holds a silver-mine?"

"Just consider my fertile lands," answered the Count Palatine of the Rhine Provinces, "with their valleys covered with golden cornfields and their hills crowned with rich vineyards."

"When it comes to that," said Lewis, the Count of Bavaria, "I consider that my realm, with its wealthy cities and stately abbeys, is not one whit inferior to either of yours."

And so the talk went on, each striving to foutdo his neighbors in the description of the extent of his territories and the wealthy they contained.

One, however, remained silent, and at last noticing that he took no part in the discussion, the others turned to him with the question—

"Well, Duke Eberhard, and wherein lies the richness of your possessions?"

Slowly the well-beloved lord of Wurtemberg arose.

"The towns in my dominions are but small," said he, "nor do I possess mountains of silver. But there is one trifle on which I may, perhaps, pride myself, and it is this: I can, at any time, venture alone into the most secluded forests of my domain, and when I am wearied I can boldly rest my head in the lap of the meanest of my subjects."

To these words succeeded a moment's silence, and then—"No need to argue further!" shouted the others. "Our lands indeed may contain gold and silver, but yours bears gems."

MARRIAGE IN SIAM.—A declaration of marriage in Siam is simpler even than it used to be in Scotland. You ask a lady to marry you by merely offering her a flower, or taking a light from a cigarette if it happens to be in her mouth: and your family and the bride's family have to put up at least two hundred pounds apiece for a dowry. Unlike Japan, the Siamese women are treated as equals; but they can seldom read or write. The principal impediment in the way of marriage is that each year is named after an animal, and only certain animals are allowed to intermarry; for instance, a person born in the year of the rat cannot marry with a person born in the year of the dog, or a person born in the year of the cow with a person born in the year of the tiger; and there are similiar embargoes about months and days.

THE OLDEST LIBRARY in the United States is claimed to be the New York Society Library in University place. As its story is given, it was established by the Earl of Bellamont in 1700 in the new City Hall in Wall street, where the Sub-Treasury building now stands. New York had then a population of about 5000.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A well at Montpelier, Ind., which gave forth natural gas, now yields an abundance of oil.

A negro was fined by a New York justice recently for saying "Ah, there!" to a passer by.

The application of electricity to the smelting of iron is being experimented with in Sweden.

The Parliament of Finland has passed a law prohibiting all railroad traffic and mail delivery on Sunday.

Sixteen million children were found to be enrolled in the schools of this country in June of this year.

At Billingsgate, the famous London fish market, 163 tons of fish were destroyed as unfit for food in the month of June.

Real estate sales, horse auctions, bicycle races and out-door games under electric light have become settled institutions.

Cars lighted by electricity from a storage battery have been used for some time past on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

A two-bladed knife, the smaller blade of which was open, was found in the stomach of a cow, claims a Vicksburg, Mich., butcher.

At a meeting of Kansas Prohibitionists a resolution protesting against the adoption of the corn flower as a national emblem was adopted.

A Diller, Neb., man looked into the muzzle of his gun recently to see whether or not it was clean. He escaped with only the loss of the tip of his nose.

The value of public-school property in the United States at the present time is estimated to be $400,000,000, and of all property used for educational purposes $600,000,000.

A leading restaurateur of New York city announces that there has been a marked increase of late years in the amount of fish consumed in that city at the mid-day meal.

Job Swaine, an engineer, of Dallas, Texas, has been held to answer for malicious mischief in blowing his engine whistle in such a way as to annoy a family on his line.

In the coast range of California timber-sharks are cutting down magnificent redwood trees for the sake of a few planks, leaving the rest of the wood to rot where it drops.

Twenty-one California miners lately sailed from New York for the gold fields in Mashonaland. Many Australian miners are also on their way to the new African gold fields.

A temperance society, permitting moderation in drinking, as well as advocating total abstinence, has been organized in New York city, under the direction of an Episcopal Church.

A comparatively recent report gave the number of cotton mills in Spain as 1189, containing 92,111 looms; 3252 woolen mills, with 30,940 hand looms, 1334 Jacquards and 1189 power looms.

Nashua, N. H., has a resident named Hiram Goodpudding. His father's name was Constitution Goodpudding, and he lived to the age of 80 without ever having been more than 30 miles from his home.

When it comes to costly toys the latest present to the boy King of Spain may be said to cap the climax. It is nothing less than an infant regiment, comprising 400 warriors, ranging in age from 5 to 8 years.

A circular signed by 105 members of the British House of Commons has been sent to the leading newspaper editors of Britain, requesting and counseling them not to report sensational cases of immorality and brutality.

Delaware county, Ohio, boasts of a milkmaid in the person of a buxom young lassie, who arises each morning in the week, rides two miles on a bicycle, milks the cows, and returns with the milk pails hung on a cross bar, made for the purpose, all before breakfast.

The owner of a grocery store in Albany enjoys the name of Westminster Abbey. His father was a lawyer, and desired his son to grow up and enter the same profession. As a means of giving the boy a good start Mr. Abbey conceived that a big name would go far towards accomplishing this end, so he named the boy Westminster.

A curious blunder has been brought to light in the staid, classical city of Boston. The new public library building had chiseled upon its granite cornices and surrounding facade a long list of noted inventors. Among the list the name of James Watts, the father of the steam engine, was to have been placed, but imagine the consternation of the Bostonians upon the discovery that Isaac Watts, the great English hymn writer, had been given the place intended for James.

John W. Bement, of St. Louis, had a narrow escape from death a few days ago. While sitting on his doorstep a drunken man came along who drew a revolver and fired at him. The bullet struck at the left side of Mr. Bement's abdomen, but was stopped in its course by a heavy gold watch. It is noted also as a remarkable circumstance that, although the case of the watch was dented by the bullet and the crystal shattered, the works were not injured, and the shock did not cause them to stop running.

SHE LOVED ME.

BY W. W. LONG.

I know she loved me in that old time,
I know she loved me, for she said:
"The world to us would be never the same,
If love between us dead was laid."

I know she loved me in that old time,
Her lips and eyes spoke true I know;
But now her love lies cold and dead,
'Mid the bitter ashes of long ago.

OF HASHISH.

In India hashish is generally known as a useful, although not much used, medicine; but in many Eastern countries it is known as one of the most potent and maddening intoxicants, influencing the moral and social well-being of the people to a degree equal to if not beyond that of the opium itself. A few particulars regarding this somewhat remarkable drug may not in the circumstances be uninteresting.

Hashish or gunjah is the native term applied to the dried flowering tops of the female plant "Cannabis indica," and from which the resin has not been removed. The whole plant seems to be medicinally active; but the most potent principle is undoubtedly the resinous exudation from the leaves and branches. This resinous principle is called "churrus;" while the entire plant cut during inflorescence, dried in the sun, and pressed into bundles, is called "bang."

The methods for collecting the resinous exudation are various, but all very crude and somewhat filthy. One plan is by rubbing the tops of the plants when ripe, and from which the resin exudes in minute drops, between the palms of the hands, the resin adhering to the hands, and from them it is afterwards scraped by means of a blunt knife. Another plan is for men clothed in leather to brush briskly through the stalks of growing hemp, when the resin attaches itself to the leather, from which it is afterwards scraped, as in the case of the hands. Sometimes the leather is dispensed with, and the coolies are sent through the hemp-fields for the purpose of the resin attaching itself to their naked bodies. Still a third plan is to gently rub the dried leaves and branches, allowing the resin to fall in a more or less fine powder, which is afterwards collected, gently heated so as to soften the resin, and then compressed into lumps.

A favorite sweetmeat is obtained by making an infusion of the plant in hot water, to which butter or oil is added. The resin attaches itself to the melted butter or oil, and, when evaporated, is kneaded with flour and spices into cakes or pastilles called "majun." Simple infusions of the leaves and flowering tops are also made and drunk in many parts of India by old and young alike at some of their festivals, just as alcoholic drinks are too frequently used in our own country on similar occasions.

Like opium hashish is chiefly used for smoking, and when thus used, it is almost always used in combination with tobacco. First, a plug of tobacco is placed at the bottom of the bowl of the pipe, and on the top of this a small piece of hashish, and over this, again, a piece of red-hot charcoal. Or the hashish is kneaded with the tobacco by the thumb of one hand working in the palm of the other until thoroughly incorporated, when they are transferred to the bowl and lighted, as in the previous case.

Its first effect when thus used is one of intense exhilaration, almost amounting to delirium. The victim loses the power of thought, and will carry on in the most extravagant manner imaginable, alternately laughing, singing, or dancing, all the time believing himself to be acting rationally.

The English derivative of the word hashish gives a terrible and too well deserved significance in this connection. Hashash is the term used for one who smokes "hashish," and the plural of the word is "hashasin," from which our English word "assassin" is said to be derived.

Doubtless, it is in this first stage of hallucination and frenzy that most of the crimes—and they have been many—attributed to the use of this drug have been committed; for the second is one of dreamy enjoyment, finally followed, if the dose has been full, by stupor so dense as almost to amount to a state of catalepsy. It has been said that a fortnight's use of hashish will make its victim a complete slave to the habit; and its end, as in the case of the use of opium, is degradation and ruin, physical, social and moral.

It is not easy to trace the early use of this drug, as its history is lost in obscurity. By many, the Nepenthes of Homer, which drowned all pain and suffering, is thought to refer to this drug; while Galenus seems to have been well acquainted with its narcotic power. It is also stated that a Chinese physician, living 220 230 A. D., administered it to his patients to produce insensibility when performing painful operations.

It certainly was used in Persia in the middle ages for the purpose of exciting the pugnacity and fanaticism of the soldiers during the wars of the crusades, a purpose so successful that the warriors under its influence struck terror into the hearts of Mohammedans and Christians alike.

It was introduced into this country as a new narcotic about fifty years ago, and while it has never replaced opium to any extent, it is still a valuable addition to materia medica, and takes the place of opium as an anodyne and hypnotic, where the use of the latter is contra-indicated. Unfortunately, the great objection to its use medically is the want of uniformity of strength, the varied effects it has produced under different medical administration probably being due very much to this cause.

One remarkable feature of hashish is that it entirely fails to produce the intoxicating effects in this country that it does in warmer climates. Whether this is due to differences of temperament in the races or to the loss of some volatile principle in the drug in the course of importation, has not yet been definitely settled. Like opium, the sale of hashish is taxed by the Indian Government, the revenue, however, derived from it being considerably less than that derived from opium.

Grains of Gold.

To a willing mind hard times are easy.

Say less than you think; only half what you say.

Those who are greedy of praise prove that they are poor in merit.

We are not so sensible of the greatest health as of the least sickness.

Be sure your ground is good—then be sure you maintain your ground.

The sin we are slowest to forgive is often the one we are most apt to commit.

The worst pit of misfortune into which a man can fall is the one he digs himself.

To abound in all things, and not to know the right use of them, is positive penury.

The man who looks through prejudice is always ready to swear that there is something green in sunlight.

The hope of amending is, after all, our very best and brightest hope; of amending our works as well as ourselves.

A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What mankind needs is not more good talkers, but more good Samaritans.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure, for they praise only that which they can surpass, and censure that which surpasses them.

Industry, economy and prudence are the sure forerunners of success. They create that admirable combination of powers in one which always conduces to eventual prosperity.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom—he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the biggest fool.

Femininities.

It never pays to cherish a fault-finding spirit.

A New York man committed suicide because he could not find a wife, and could not get work without one.

Mrs. Benjamin Galbraith, of Maysville, Ky., recently presented her husband with a fourth set of twins.

A fellow often thinks that a girl "by any other name would be as sweet," but he finds out his mistake after he gives her his own.

A child who weighed but one pound and a quarter was recently born to Mrs. Homer Williams, of Muncie, Indiana. The infant lived but five days.

Miss Frances E. Willard attributes her gain in health and weight to the fact that while she was visiting in England they made her eat five hearty meals a day.

It frequently happens that the prettiest maidens do not obtain husbands. It was thus in ancient days, for it is well known that the Three Graces remained old maids.

"Who is that man to whom Mrs. Muchwed is speaking? She seems to know him very well. Is he a connection?"

"A distant one. She was, I believe, his second wife."

Buttermilk water ice is the latest addition to New York's seasonable dishes. A restaurant near the Stock Exchange introduced the new dish, and its popularity is already immense.

It has been decided that the deaconesses of the Methodist Church shall wear black gowns, with gathered or plaited skirts, bishop sleeves, round waists, turn-down collars and white cuffs.

"Mrs. Blimber is very nervous about there being 13 at the table to-night."

"Does she think something unpleasant will happen?"

"Yes; she has only a dozen knives and forks."

It is very much easier for a girl to stand before an audience in a white silk dress and the consciousness that she is looking well, and talk of the nobility and courage that meet life boldly, than it is to be patient while washing dishes.

A widower married a sister of his late wife a few weeks after the death of the latter. An acquaintance who had just returned from a long journey sympathetically inquired whom he was in mourning for. "For my sister-in-law," was the hesitating reply.

Ethel: Fido's barking has really given me an earache.

Cousin Bob: Try chloroform.

Ethel: Is that good?

Cousin Bob: Fine; saturate a sponge, tie it around his neck and put him under a tub.

She: "Who can doubt the power of woman's love! Think of the thousands of wild youths who have settled down into staid and respectable citizens as soon as they married." He: "Good lands! they couldn't afford to be anything else after they got married."

There are now three women physicians on the Sanitary Corps of the New York Board of Health—Drs. Alice Mitchell, Helen Knight and Frances G. Deane. They are under the same rules and are required to do the same amount of hard work as their masculine associates.

Women journalists are forbidden in Japan. But Japanese ladies do not lose much by this prohibition, inasmuch as the most successful Japanese writer of serial stories, who spends his whole day at the desk, just manages to make $5 a month—is, in a word, passing rich and famous on $60 a year.

"Mme. Bleach has invented a complexion remedy that is going to bring an immense fortune to her."

"Does it make one fair as a lily in one application?"

"Pooh, no; it makes you look as sunburned and freckled as if you'd been away for the whole summer."

Hundreds of people are flocking to Greenmount Cemetery, near Springfield, Ohio, to see the remains of ex-Mayor Morris Bell and granddaughter, which for 50 years have rested in a vault in air-tight iron coffins. Both look as natural as life, and doctors say are petrified. By the ex-Mayor's dying request they were not to be placed underground for 50 years more.

That pretty word cosset, for pet lamb, often applied in tenderness to little children, has its rural American equivalent in the phrase, "cased lamb," which is said to be a short term for cared for lamb. The term, cased lamb, is heard in New England, though perhaps less than formerly, and is eloquent of the time when a flock of sheep was to be found on every Yankee farm.

There is a new game which should find favor with hostesses, particularly at this season. All the young lady participants in it produce photographs of themselves when babies, or, at any rate, when of very tender age. These are arranged for inspection, and the young men are ushered in one by one to guess who are the originals. The one successful in guessing the most wins the game and receives the prize.

Masculinities.

Female bootblacks are said to be multiplying in Paris.

A man doesn't have to be much of a vocalist to sing his own praises.

When a girl is sweet it seems funny that there should be no flies on her.

A Savannah, Ga., candidate for office recently set up the beer for 1200 persons at one time.

"Your husband wears his hair very short." "Yes, the cowardly wretch!" replied Mrs. Turner.

At a recent election in Kansas for school trustees every woman in the district of legal age voted.

Casimir-Perier, the president of France, is said to be the owner of a private fortune worth $25,000,000.

Matrimony is all right as long as both husband and wife like to read their old love letters to each other.

A Chicago tailor is suing both husband and wife for his bill for coats, vests and other garments furnished them.

It is premature to tell any woman that she is an angel until it is seen how she can cook a steak and boil a potato.

Bishop John M. Walden, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, began life on an Ohio river flatboat. His salary was 50 cents a day.

Karl Ulrich, a German boy, 14 years old, is 6 feet 1 inch, and weighs 200 pounds. He is said to be perfectly healthy and still growing.

The universal reformer who goes around giving everyone a piece of his mind should not be surprised to find it all gone some day.

There are many unhappy women because they did not marry the men they love, but some of them would be much more miserable had they married them.

Judge: "You are accused of not supporting your wife."

Prisoner: "But, your Honor, you don't know my wife. She is insupportable."

A peculiarity of the late John Hunt, of Seekonk, Mass., was that he did not speak to his wife for 30 years, even keeping up the estrangement while on his deathbed.

The Empress of Austria is said to be an untiring pedestrian. She thinks nothing of a walk of 20 miles, and the rapidity of her pace makes it difficult for her attendants to keep up with her.

A Buffalo, N. Y., man rides a wheel upon which are also accommodated three of the juvenile members of his family, while his wife's bicycle also carries the baby and one of the older children.

The following notice was given on a recent Sunday from a suburban pulpit: The pastor will preach his last sermon this evening prior to his vacation, and the choir have arranged a special praise service for the occasion.

John Byrnes is in all probability the oldest street car conductor in the world. He lives in Boston, and has been in the employ of several companies. In forty years he has traveled a distance equal to ten times around the world.

Mrs. Quickleigh: "The first man who ever proposed to me said that if I would not marry him he would blow his brains out." Miss Wonder: "Good gracious! He must have been crazy. Why didn't you have him put under restraint?" Mrs. Quickleigh: "I did. I married him."

A Somerset, Me., man had his watch and all his wife's jewelry stolen while he slept in the room where they were kept. He attributes the fact that he did not wake up to his inveterate habit of snoring in a way to drown the noise of burglars' footsteps. So he has advertised for something to cure snoring.

Washington E. Irving, a nephew of the famous author, was supposed to have died at Escondido, Cal., and his funeral was held. With the close of the service, after friends had passed the casket, a knocking was heard from within, and, the lid having been hastily removed, Irving got up in a dazed condition, but soon regained his senses fully and was taken home.

The Czar is described as the largest eater among the crowned heads, the Kaiser coming next. The latter is stated to have a mania for eating at extraordinary times, and, although dining copiously before going to the theatre, he generally insists on the despatch from the imperial kitchens of a fully prepared supper, which he devours in one of the private rooms of the theatre between the acts.

At an evening party a young lady seated at the piano had just executed a brilliant selection from Faust, and received an admiring chorus of "Thank you." The silence was broken by an old lady near the piano saying, "Ah! I always like 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"'Home, Sweet Home'!" exclaimed the startled young lady.

"Yes," continued the old lady, placidly beaming through her spectacles; "my daughter plays it. I always know it when she crosses her hands; it is lovely."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Fin checks in colors and black and white are the latest patterns. A pretty model for a dressy waist may be copied in plain silk of any fancied color and trimmed with lace insertions, with scalloped edges, coming out from underneath the plaits, both back and front, and three bands over the puffed sleeves. The waist and basque are cut all in one, and belted in with the satin, tied in a bow at the side. Another dressy affair is of black and white check or stripe, fulled in the regulation way at the neck and belt, and trimmed with three frills of the same, falling over the sleeves, the third extending to the waist, and all edged with butter-colored lace. To insure success these waists should be made by a very good dressmaker. But the simple one which is only gathered a little at the neck and plaited into a soft twisted belt can be easily made at home. In addition to the Figaro and zouave jackets so much worn is a novelty called the "poppy zouave," which is to be worn over blouse waists for additional warmth. It is sleeveless and may be made of black serge or moire, or of goods to match the skirt. It may also be edged about the armholes and revers, with a ball beading in jet, and around the waist is a bunch of black satin ribbon which ties in front. A confection called a garden party jacket is of pale blue moire open in front over a cream guipure vest with basque of lace. The revers are finished with blue satin rosettes and the sleeves are caught at the elbow with rosettes.

A stylish addition to a plain waist is a fashionable bow at the throat, fastened with a paste buckle and edged with cream lace. A pretty bodice for evening wear is finished across the square neck with the new vandyked lace. This may be made of shot satin in delicate coloring and worn over white mousseline de soie skirts. A very elegant waist may be made of black and white silk in wide stripes. It is plaited in such a way that the white is entirely hidden at the bottom of the waist, which gives a slender effect to the figure. A wide collar of white is cut with two scallops, both back and front, is covered with jetted net and trimmed with fine black lace six or seven inches wide. This has something the effect of a yoke. Narrow folds of black velvet finish the neck and form the belt.

Blue and violet are the latest mixture of colors for bridesmaids' costumes. The dresses are of sky blue silk, and cream straw hats are trimmed with a profusion of violets and a cream white bow. The combination may be new and distingue, but it is certainly irritating to look upon.

Sashes of gauze, chiffon, muslin, ribbon, silk or satin from the piece are fashionable again. The ends may be broad or narrow, and they may tie on the side or at the back, but they are sure to find a place on all thin summer gowns.

In ordinary all-white handkerchiefs there is little new, and they are temporarily thrown into the shade by the great favor which fashion is now showing to colors. In general, they are made smaller than of late, the same being also the case for men's handkerchiefs.

Much variety is observable in the border stripes, which often take one-fourth of the entire surface. The most elegant are thread-like stripes, 10 at a time, with finger-wide intervals between. Very fine stripes hardly visible are also used, which inclose a wide stripe.

Among the dainty things for summer uses are butter-colored embroideries in point de Venise designs; picture hats of spangled tulle trimmed with feather tips and a jetted gauze butterfly; Anne of Austria collars of Venetian lace outlined with pearl or cut-jet beads; sleeveless skirt waists of cream lace to be worn with Eton jackets of moire or velvet; blouses of accordion-pleated chiffon trimmed with bands of lace insertion; gowns of pale rose-pink crepon trimmed with black velvet ribbon and black Spanish guipure lace; evening capes of white brocaded China silk lined with mauve or geranium-pink surah; white corded silk and white kid belts finished with French gilt or sterling silver buckles; and lastly, duck suits complete, which include a duck toque or hat, and Oxford shoes of duck with white kid tips.

Black moire jackets that are short and sleeveless are worn with shirt waists of blue silk, belt and collar of black moire ribbon and short revers of white or ecru guipure. Plain godet skirt and leg-of-mutton sleeves of plain blue canvas or cashmere or of the blue and white checks now fashionable in silk and fine woolen goods. Silk-warp materials are also made up in this very taking and new Parisian style.

Watered silk bids fair to be in much request next winter. The newest style of watering is that which includes circular clusterings like the knots in certain woods, and which are called "eyes," and to which the name of moire oeil is therefore given.

Barege is beginning to put in an appearance and may certainly be reckoned among the fashionable materials. Black barege promises to be worn over color.

To the last productions in cloth the name of drap parchemin has been given, "parchment" describing very accurately both the texture of the cloth and its tone.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Pianos.—Heat and damp are injurious to pianos, so that the choice of a suitable position is important. They should never be kept in damp rooms, nor allowed to stand in a draft. Damp will cause the strings and tuning pins to rust, and the cloth used in the construction of the keys of action to swell, so that the mechanism will be impeded, making the keys stick when pressed; the sounding board is also affected, and the varnish. When not in use the piano should be closed, to keep out the dust, and small articles should not be placed upon it. It is an instrument, and not a table or sideboard. The ivory of the keys will keep their color if exposed for a short time every day to the light, and moths are effectually prevented by placing a piece of camphor in soft paper inside. New pianos require more frequent tuning than old.

Norfolk Dumplings.—Stir two well-beaten eggs in one pint of milk, add salt to taste, and mix into this as much flour as will make a thick batter. Drop this (a teaspoonful at a time) into a pan of boiling water, and leave them on the fire to boil for a few minutes. Take them out with a strainer and serve very quickly, either with cold butter or any kind of good gravy. They are usually eaten before the meat, or with it. Some people steam them, but that is not the real way. The boiling has to be done briskly, with no dawdling in the operation, that is the secret of success.

Oat Cakes.—When oat cakes are rolled out the proper thickness with a notched roller out notched or rough side is up. You then rub that side with dry meal and turn the cake over. This smooth side is now up; rub it also, and put the cake on the girdle just that way—that is, the rough side on the girdle and the smooth side up. Oat cakes are never turned. The cake is then put on a toaster with the smooth or uncooked side next the fire, which makes it curl round.

Gloves.—When putting gloves on, always begin by buttoning the second button; then, when buttoned to the top you can easily fasten the first button without tearing the kid. Never remove the gloves by pulling the fingers, but by drawing the part covering the wrist over the hand, and leave them thus wrong side out for some time before turning them to their proper shape. Always lay gloves lengthwise; never roll them.

Hindoo Balls.—Blanch one half pound of almonds, fry them a light brown in a small tablespoonful of fresh butter. Wipe them with a towel and put them into a pan. Make a syrup with one pound of sugar and three gills of water; boil it to a thread. Pour it boiling upon the almonds, and stir them until the sugar hardens around them. Peanuts and pecans are very nice prepared in the same way.

Ginger Drops.—Beat in a mortar one ounce of candied orange peel, with some lump sugar, and when it is smooth, like paste, add half an ounce more of the same sugar, and half an ounce of powdered ginger. Then dissolve the sugar in a little water, boil the whole to a candy, and drop it from the point of a knife on writing-paper.

Mutton.—The best mutton is of fine grain, a bright color, the fat firm and white. It is better for being full grown. The meat of the ewe is not so bright, while the grain is closer. The ram mutton may be known by the redness of the flesh and the sponginess of the fat.

Steel knives or other articles which have become rusty should be rubbed with a little sweet oil, then left for a day or two in a dry place, and then rubbed with finely-powdered, unslacked lime until every vestige of the rust has disappeared, and kept in a dry place wrapped up in a bit of flannel.

To cleanse glass bottles that have held oil, place ashes in each bottle and immerse in cold water, then heat the water gradually until it boils; after boiling an hour let them remain till cold. Then wash the bottles in soapsuds and rinse in clear water.

Piano keys yellow with age can be cleaned by a dilution of one ounce of nitric acid in ten ounces of soft water. Apply with a brush and wash off with flannel.

Nothing will give such a polish to glass, even the finest as slightly moist newspaper to wash it, and dry newspaper to give the finishing touches.

HER MAJESTY'S THOUSAND SERVANTS.—Queen Victoria's household employs a multitude of titled and salaried officials. There are the lord steward, the lord chamberlain, the treasurer, the comptroller, the keeper of the privy purse, his assistant and secretaries, the coroner, and the electric-light engineer.

The Lord-Chamberlain's department comprises, among others, a vice-chamberlain, comptroller, examiner of accounts, paymaster, master of ceremonies, marshal of ceremonies, lords-in-waiting, grooms-in-waiting, gentlemen ushers of the privy chamber, gentlemen usher of the black rod, gentlemen ushers daily waiters, gentlemen ushers quarterly waiters, sergeants-at-arms, poet-laureate, examiner of plays, librarian, painter in ordinary, marine painter, surveyor of pictures, keeper of the swans, master of the music, constable of Windsor, gentlemen-at-arms and yeomen of the guard.

The Department of the Master of the Horse comprises—master of the buckhounds, hereditary grand falconer, crown equerry, equerries in ordinary, extra equerries, honorary equerry, pages of honor, superintendent of royal mews, storekeeper and royal coachmen.

The Department of the Mistress of the Robes comprises—acting mistresses of the robes, ladies of the bed-chamber, extra ladies of the bed-chamber, bed chamber women, extra bed-chamber women, maids of honor, groom of the robes and clerk of the robes.

Amongst those connected with the Chapels Royals are the dean of the Chapels Royal, clerk of the closet, deputy clerks of the closet, organists and chapiains.

The Medical Department has among it members physicians in ordinary, physicians extraordinary, sergeant surgeon, surgeons extraordinary, physician to the household, surgeon to the household, surgeon apothecary, other surgeons and apothecaries, surgeon oculist, surgeon dentist, dentist to the household, and chemists and druggists.

There are also hereditary grand almoner, a lord high almoner, a sub-almoner, and secretaries, clerks, waiters, servants and other persons to the number of about a thousand.

YOUNG SHARPSHINS—"Dad, can you explain to me what faith is?" Old Sharpshins: "Faith, my son, is an abnormal power of belief. For instance, when your elder brother comes down in the morning with a black eye and tells me he got it by knocking up against the bedpost in the dark, especially as I know that his bed has no posts, if I believe him that would be an act of faith."

CHINESE WOMEN.—The Chinese women are beginning to rebel seriously against the fashion of compressing their feet, which has so long limited their energies. It appears that a missionary has been preaching to them on the subject, and they have taken the matter so much to heart that they have started a "Heavenly Foot Society."

Spend Sunday at Bay Ridge, the Coney Island of the South.

The Last Excursion of the Season August 19th.

Bay Ridge, on the Chesapeake, has become familiar to our readers as the greatest pleasure resort in the South. Located on a high bluff on the western shore of the Bay, commanding a view of that beautiful sheet of water for miles, and fanned by every breese however light, it is particularly adapted by nature as a health resort, and has become the mecca for thousands who like to take a day off and enjoy the beautiful. The grounds have been beautified with flower beds and handsome buildings, and music pavilions erected. Electric railway, gravity railway, flying horses, riding and driving ponies; first class cafe, shady groves, fishing, boating, sailing, crabbing and bathing, and concert by military band, are among the attractions provided by the management.

The sail on the bay, passing Forts McHenry and Carroll, Annapolis and the Naval Academy, and Steelton, where the largest furnaces in the country are located, will prove not the least attractive feature of the trip.

The special train via B. & O. R. R. Sunday, August 19th, will leave station, 24th and Chestnut streets, 7.10 A. M. for Baltimore, from which point the trip to Bay Ridge is made on the steamer Columbia. Excursionists will arrive home on return trip 9 30 P. M. Tickets, $1.50.

Remember the date, Sunday. Aug. 19.h.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

For Internal and External Use.

In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Choloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it makes the symptons, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least danger, in either infant or adult.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Instantly relieves and soon cures

Sore Throat,	Colds, Coughs,
Inflammation,	Sciatica,
Lumbago,	Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,	Influenza,

Difficult Breathing.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

MALARIA,

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

50 cts. a Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Always Reliable.
Purely Vegetable.

—THE—

GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic.

PERFECTLY TASTELESS.

Over Forty Years in Use and Never Known to Fail.

Possesses properties the most extraordinary in restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action the various organs, the natural conditions of which are so necessary for health, grapple with and neutralize the impurities, driving them completely out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have Long Been Acknowledged as the Best Cure for

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia,

—AND—

All Disorders of the Liver.

☞ Full printed directions in each box; 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

Recent Book Issues.

"A Year of Paper Dolls" is a colored series of paper dresses for paper dolls, the various dresses being designed for each of the four seasons of the year. The arrangement is very tasteful and complete and should prove a source of boundless pleasure and amusement to those for whom it is intended. Published by F. A. Stokes Co., New York, in sheets, enclosed in a neat box. For sale by Wanamaker. Price 75 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Quarterly Illustrator," No. 7, volume 2, is now out, and is a magazine that no artist or lover of art can afford to dispense with. It contains three hundred and sixty-two illustrations by over 150 well-known artists. In conjunction go a number of letter-press articles carrying the pictures that are of the first interest and excellence. Published at New York. Price $1 00 per year.

"The Eclectic Magazine" for August begins with a paper on "The Nationality Movement of the Nineteenth Century." Of a similar class are articles on "Checks on Democracy in America," and "Incidents of Labor War in America." Prof. Binet's article on "The Mechanism of Thought" describes some new psychologic theories. The number contains a good many charming descriptive sketches and essays, among the best being "Some Recollections of Yesterday," Mrs. Cameron's "Impression of Rajputana Zenana Life," "A Lady's Life in Columbia," and a bright account of the celebration of Richard Louis Stevenson's birthday at his Samoan home. A graceful lyric poem, "In Praise of Perfect Music," and an excellent short story, are among the best features of this number. Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth street, New York.

The August number of "Cassell's Family Magazine" contains, in addition to three complete stories and the installments of two serials, the following articles: "The Pastime of Public Men," "A Talk About the Pleiades," "New Paid Occupations for Women." "Coming Kings and Queens, "People who Face Death: Firemen," "Cricket at the Universities," "Antrim in Ireland," "Musicians," "Royal Ghosts at Hampton Court Palace," "What to Wear," music, poetry, etc. Nearly all the articles are illustrated. The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

The complete novel in the August number of "Lippincott's" is "Sweetheart Manette," by Maurice Thompson. Louise Stockton's tale, "A Mess of Pottage," is concluded. Other short stories are "At the Rough-and-Tumble Landing," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts; "A Military Manœuvre," by Kate Lee Ashley; "The Everlastin' Buzzards' Sit," by Charles Meltvaine, and "An In Memoriam of the Keys," by Johanna Staats. Thomas Stinson Jarvis contributes an acute and suggestive essay on "Feminine Phases," and Charles Henry Webb discusses "Uncared-for Cats" in a humanely humorous vein. The other contents are of an equally high order. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

In the opening article of "The Popular Science Monthly" for August Prof. John Dewey, of Michigan, attacks one of the educational problems of the day, under the title "The Chaos in Moral Training." An especially timely paper is one on "Human Aggregation and Crime," by M. Tarde. Prof. E. S. Morse gives some suggestions upon "The Distribution of Government Publications." There are two articles of especial interest to engineers—one being an illustrated description of the tunnel under the St. Clair river, by J. Jones Bell, while the other is "A Proposition for an Artificial Isthmus" between Scotland and Ireland. The absurd pretensions with regard to Rainmaking that have been made by various cranks are thoroughly riddled by Prof. Fernando Sandford, of Stanford University. "The Nocturnal Migration of Birds;" "A Family of Water Kings," "Milk for Babes," "The Photography of Colors," "Nature as Drama and Enginery," "Modern Views and Problems of Physics," "Form and Life," "Accuracy in Observation" are all good articles. In the Editor's Table, "Man and Woman and the Meaning of Dynamite" are the subjects discussed. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MISSIONARY: "I think of getting up a series of revival meetings for young men." Villager: "Waste of time. Not needed at all, sir. The young men of this town lead strictly moral lives" "My! my! To what benign influence do you ascribe that remarkable condition?" "They are all saving up money with which to buy bicycles."

THAT WAY DANGER LIES.—A man with crutches and a thorough stand-in-need-of-repair appearance sat on a lounge in a hotel and talked to a group of acquaintances.

"You may talk about your horrifying experience," he said, "but a while ago, when I was traveling I was awakened from a sound sleep in the middle of the night by the cry of fire. I jumped up and found my room full of smoke. I rushed to the window, looked out and saw that the hotel was one mass of flames. Then I climbed up on to the window sill, closed my eyes and jumped."

"And," broke in a sympathetic bystander, "that is why you carry these crutches, I suppose?"

"No: not exactly. The fact is, I slipped on a bit of orange peel the other day. That night my room was on the ground floor."

FUEL.—An Englishman has patented a plan for supplying fuel in an altogether novel away. He suggests that at the coal-mines the coal should be reduced to a fine powder and mixed with a large quantity of water, so as to form a thick liquid having the appearance of ink, and that this mixture should then be pumped into pipes by powerful engines and carried to any convenient point. The liquid would have to be forced through the piping at a speed of from six to seven miles an hour, so that the coal-dust should have no opportunity of settling before it arrived at its destination. Here it would be discharged into tanks, where the solid portion would gradually settle to the bottom, and sediment so formed would afterwards be collected and pressed by hydraulic rams into blocks of convenient sizes for fuel.

Lincoln Park.

During the present week there will be presented at this favorite and well-conducted Family Resort on the Delaware, the most remarkable attractions ever arranged for a riverside park. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings there will be given a grand display of Fireworks, including Aerial Bombs, Golden and Silver Rockets, Roman Exhibitions, Jewel Fountains, Egyptian Pyramids and Portraits of Notable Men in lines of Living Fire, including Hon. William M. Singerly, Gen. Daniel H. Hastings and Abraham Lincoln. On Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday evenings the entire Park will be transformed into a dream of Paradise. Arrangements have been made at great expense, to transport to the banks of the Delaware the famous "Night in Venice," which became famous at the Chicago's World Fair. In addition Wannemacher's Celebrated Military Band will give daily and nightly Concerts, augmented by the songs of the famous Lyric Singer, Mr. Edward Parker. Four Superb Steamboats leave Race and Christian Streets Wharves every day at 8, 9, 10, 10 30, 11, 11.45 A. M., 12 30, 1.15, 2, 2.45, 3 30, 4 15, 5, 5 45, 6 15, 7, 8, 8.30 P. M. Round trip, 25c. Children, under 10 years, 10c.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE
PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa

THEREFORE SHE TURNED TEETOTALLER.—"I've been a cab-driver close on thirty year, and many a rum animal I've sat behind during that period," remarked an ancient growler-steerer recently.

"One horse that I had some time back would never eat a thing while we were out, and no matter how far we went or how long we waited on the stand, she would never eat a mouthful till back in her accustomed stall.

"I had another one with a fad in the drinking line, for no matter how thirsty he was, he would never put his nose in a street drinking trough if any other animal was drinking at the same time.

"Music, as a rule, has a very exciting effect upon horses, but one old stager I used to drive simply stood stock still when he heard a band playing, and no coaxing or whacking would induce him to do more till it had passed.

"But the oddest of the lot was a mare that we christened 'The Tippler,' from her liking for malt liquors. "Knowing her weakness, I often used to give her a drop when we stopped at some public-house, until at last she would hardly start off again without it. Being aware of her little failing, a cabman in our yard one night in my absence, just for fun, gave her nearly a pailful of beer, with the result that she got as drunk as any depraved human being, rolled about in her stall, and at last fell down and slept heavily till morning.

"Next day I found her so 'groggy' that it was impossible to take her out, and in the evening when I returned home, together with the man who had played her the trick, went to see if she was better.

"The quietest animal on earth, what was my surprise when, as my companion passed behind her, she kicked out with her heels with a force that sent him staggering out through the doorway with a cut on his side that has marked him ever since.

"And, strange to relate, from that very day till she died last year she fair shivered with fright whenever you showed a quart pot to her."

DAUGHTER—"Papa went off in great good humor this morning." Mother—"My goodness! That reminds me. I forgot to ask him for any money."

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

JOSIAH.

Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA.

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off **follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing,** etc., in the author's inimitable and **mirth-provoking** style.

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PATENTS

FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

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P. O. BOX 463. **JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney.**

☞ Cut this out and send it with your inquiry. ☜

Humorous.

HOW TO WORRY A FOE.

If any one wishes to know
The best way to worry a foe,
Don't go to impeaching his aims;
Don't call him opprobrious names;
Don't say that he tipples or games;
Don't twit him with dyeing his hair;
Don't sneer at his "2 40 mare;"
Don't threaten his limbs or his life;
Don't laugh at his daughter or wife;
Don't tell him to go "look in the glass;"
Don't call him a fool or an ass;
Don't tell him he rides very ill;
Don't dun him with that "little bill;"
Don't snub him, or slap him, or kick him;
Don't stab him, or stick him, or lick him;
There's a crueller trick to employ:
Give a drum to his favorite boy!

—U. N. Noss.

A put-up job—pawning a watch.

The race problem—"Which horse will win?"

Even a clothesline becomes unsteady when it has too many sheets in the wind.

"I see through my error," said the boy who broke through Jones' window with a snowball. And Jones forgave him.

She: "Do you see much in this gown to admire?" He gallantly: "Not much, but what there is I admire very greatly."

Sea captain: "There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will all be dead." Seasick passenger: "Thank Heaven!"

He: "Her heart is as hard as glass. I can't make any impression on it." She: "Try a diamond. It fetches glass every time."

Prison missionary: "My poor fellow, what are you in here for?"

Prisoner: "For not having enough of political influence to get me out."

She, during the quarrel: "You look positively seedy. Look at your hair; how long is it since you've had it cut?"

He: "I don't know; I haven't measured it."

The reformed cannibal: "So your name is Goodpastor, is it? It may interest you to know that I served your grandfather." Young missionary: "In what way?" "Fricasseed."

A parson once prefaced his sermon with—"My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of the phrase: 'Adding insult to injury?'" Tommy: "Why, it's like mamma sending me into the garden to cut a switch for her to whip me with."

Fair graduate: "Which is the proper expression, 'girls are,' or 'girl is?'" Chorus of schoolmates: "'Girls are,' of course!" Fair graduate: "Of course; pshaw!—'Girls, are my hat on straight?'"

"Young Mr. Saintly says he finds the work in his new parish very interesting." "I should think he would," said old Grafflam, "there are six unmarried girls to every man in the congregation."

"Barbers are too fond of conversation." "No, you wrong them. What they like is soliloquy. You'll find if you attempt to do any of the talking most barbers will drop lather in your mouth."

Mamma: "Robbie, why didn't you speak to Mrs. Bangle when you met her just now?" Robbie: "You said I must always think twice before I speak, and I couldn't think of anything to think."

Seedy stranger: "Yas, sir; I cut an' slashed an' fit all through the war." Bartender: "Have a drink? What fights were you in?" "Oh, I wa'n't in no fights; I was a tailor-them days in Canada."

A Moral Lesson—"Now, see here, my son, if I ketch you stealin' apples from me again I'll give you a wollopin.' Hain't you got no sense, robbin' your own father? If you needs apples, ain't there plenty of neighbors round you can hook from?"

Mrs. Mudderpull: "Oh, I'm so glad you've called. I want to introduce you to my son's finance." Caller: "Fiancee, you mean, I think." Mrs. Mudderpull: "Ah, well, it don't matter, the terms are synonymous.

He: "Did you write to that man who advertises to show people how to make desserts without milk and have them richer?" She: "Yes, and sent him the dollar." "What did he reply?" "Use cream."

"You have seen better days then?" He looked at the fine piece of pie and big glass of cold milk she set down on the table for him to finish on, and laid down his knife and fork.

"If you mean by better days, madam," he said, "that I have not always been a tramp, I will reply yes; but if you mean by better days that I have ever had pleasanter surroundings than the present, or that I have surrounded pleasanter things," and he blushed, "I will say emphatically that I have not!"

And the good woman was so pleased that she almost wanted to take him as a permanent boarder.

Fasting Snails.—Talk of the cat's nine lives! Why, there are snails that seem to look upon eating as a bore, and, if they have a choice, would rather not have food. In 1850 Dr. Veatch found a snail—on Cedros Island, off the coast of Lower California. On one occasion it went without food for at least six years, and appeared to be none the worse for its long fast. Another famous case was that of the Desert snail sent from Egypt to Dr. Baird of the British Museum. He fastened it with gum to a tablet on the 25th of March, 1846, and on the 7th of March, 1850—almost four years afterwards—he found that it had come out of its shell and had marked the tablet with its slime in its efforts to regain freedom. Failing in the attempt, it had retired once more into its shell, the mouth of which it closed with a film of glistening matter. Dr. Baird's curiosity having been aroused, he placed the snail in warm water, and presently the exile from Egypt crawled out of the shell, partook of lettuce-leaf, and for a long time the admiration, and possibly the awe, of the visitors to the Museum.

The Natives had Scruples.—Once an amusing story was told me by a South Sea trader. He had been in the habit of carrying all sorts of tinned meats, which the natives bought with avidity. Each tin was branded with a colored picture—a cow for beef, a sheep for mutton, and a fish for sardines. It happened that the firm who furnished the mutton thought it a good plan to alter their labels, that their goods might be more easily distinguished from the others. The mark chosen was a red dragon. The natives came to trade as usual. The new tins were shown them, but they recoiled with horror, and gave the trader to understand that they had some religious instruction and were not to be deluded into eating tinned devil. The trader was forced to eat his stock of mutton himself, for not a native could be induced to touch the accursed thing.

Mortality in France.—Owing to the enormous mortality of newly-born Parisians put out to nurse, and owing to the great mortality of infants, principally among the laboring classes, from diphtheria and measles, and the high mortality of the citizens from consumption, the average life, or average of those who die in Paris, appears to be only twenty-eight years, while for the whole of France the average age is forty. Nevertheless, the population of Paris increases more and more by the incessant immigration of provincials and foreigners, who make up two-thirds as against one-third of natives. But owing to their feeble vitality and high mortality, the families which are not united to these immigrants die out in three, four, or most, five generations.

Neatly Rebuked.—A quiet-looking member of the Quaker persuasion recently administered the following apt rebuke to a certain country parson, more celebrated for his passionate love of fox-hunting than for his pulpit powers.

"Friend, thou'rt clever at fox-catching, I believe?"

"There are few men in the country-side who can excel me in the sport," observed the parson proudly.

"Nevertheless, friend, if I were a fox, I would hide where thou would'st never find me."

"Pray, where would you hide, sir?" was the interested query.

"I would hide in thy study, friend."

Hotels in China.—No one who has ever stayed at a Chinese hotel is likely to forget his experience. They are all built on the same plan—a large courtyard, round the four sides of which are built rows of small rooms, the restaurant and office being in front. The buildings are built of sun dried bricks, and are usually in the last stages of dilapidation. Each small room contains a brick bed, in which a fire can be lighted for warmth in winter. There is no furniture but a rough chair and perhaps a table, while the windows are nothing but frames covered with paper.

REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Grand Encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the World.

The biennial encampment of the Supreme Lodge and grand encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the world will be held at the National Capital August 27th to September 5th.

For this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. will sell round trip tickets at reduced rates from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, August 23rd to 28th inclusive, valid for return trip until September 6th; a further extension of time to September 15th can be secured, provided the ticket is deposited with the joint agent at Washington, D. C., on or before September 6th.

The rate from Philadelphia will be $4.00, Pittsburgh $8.00, Cumberland $4.55, and correspondingly low rates from all other stations.

Curious.—There are some curious manifestations of conservatism in America. The same conventional pictures of a cow, a horse, a steamboat, and other objects that adorned newspaper advertising columns fifty years ago, are still seen in some newspapers of the bigg st cities, and half the butchers' account books still bear a rude engraving of a fat British butcher in high beaver hat standing beside an ox. It must be nearly a century since there were any such butchers in the United States.

Daughter: "When I marry, mamma, it will be for love——" Mother: "Do not talk like a simpleton, dear." Daughter. "As I was about to observe when you interrupted me, when I marry it shall be for love of position, ease and display. Business before sentiment, mamma." Mother: "Spoken like a heroine! (Sotto voce) I must keep an eye on that girl or she'll run away with the first beggar that looks cross-eyed at her.

BRIGHT EYES

—AND—

Blonde and Brunette,

Companion Pictures in Beautiful Colors as a Premium to Subscribers to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One objection to picture-premiums is that they have to be framed afterwards. The Saturday Evening Post gets over this difficulty and expense in the pair of magnificent new companion pictures, in beautiful colors, they are now offering, "Bright Eyes" and "Blonde and Brunette." These pictures are two of the most beautifully-artistic, finely-colored and life-like portraitures of childhood ever put before the public. No description can give an idea of their loveliness, beauty and charm. They must be seen to be appreciated. But their chief advantage is that just as we send them they may be hung up without frame or glass. The frame is done without by their being held between strong, highly-polished brass borders, with hook for hanging, and the usual glass is dispensed with by the high, clear varnish, enabling the pictures to be rubbed off and dusted without injury to the delicate colors beneath. The pictures are mounted on strong paper, are 16x22 inches in size, and will be sent to every person who sends to us, direct, $2.00 for a year's subscription. Address

The Saturday Evening Post,
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DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia,

Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 23, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Parlor and Dining Car		
Chicago Express (Sleeper) daily 6.45 p m		
Buffalo Express (Sleeper) daily 9.45 p m		
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars)	w'k d's 8.25, a m. 4.00 p m	10.00
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper)	daily 11.30 p m.	

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 25th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining cars), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.30, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.08 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamo in Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m., (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 5.45 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 exc. train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m. 4.46 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m. 4.45 p m. $1.00 exc. train 7.00 a m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 6.20 (Mondays only 6.45), 7.30, 7.45, 9.00 10 15 a m, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. $1.00 exc. train 6.00 p m., from foot Mississippi Ave. does not stop at depot. Sundays—Express, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.30 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 exc. train, 6.10 p m., from foot of Mississippi Ave., does not stop at Depot.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m. Sundays, 6.55 a m, 4.35 p m.

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